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"Her book of the Baxter family is crowded with comedy of character, with fullbodied folk-wisdom, and with the silence and excitement, the ultimate noise and accumulated natural history of the backwoods hunt . . ." *(See page 7)*

The Pulitzer Prize Awards: *Photographs and Comment*

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Last year it was "FANNY KEMBLE"; this year it is another woman of equal charm, intellect, talent—

Jane

Thomas Carlyle had a fascinating wife, a genius in her own right, the brilliance of whose wit was only equalled by the size of her heart. Her London drawing room welcomed Dickens, Thackeray and Emerson, the incredible D'Orsay and the patriot Mazzini. The problem of her life was her irascible husband.

Welsh

Both an unforgettable portrait of perhaps the most famous wife in literary history and a delightfully human domestic comedy, this sparkling book provides outstanding reading. Based on original sources, letters and contemporary comment, it is as fresh and vivid as the best of novels, and as sound as the most scholarly biography.

Carlyle

By TOWNSEND SCUDDER

406 pages—illustrated
(Bibliographical notes and index)
Price $3.50

The Macmillan Company, New York

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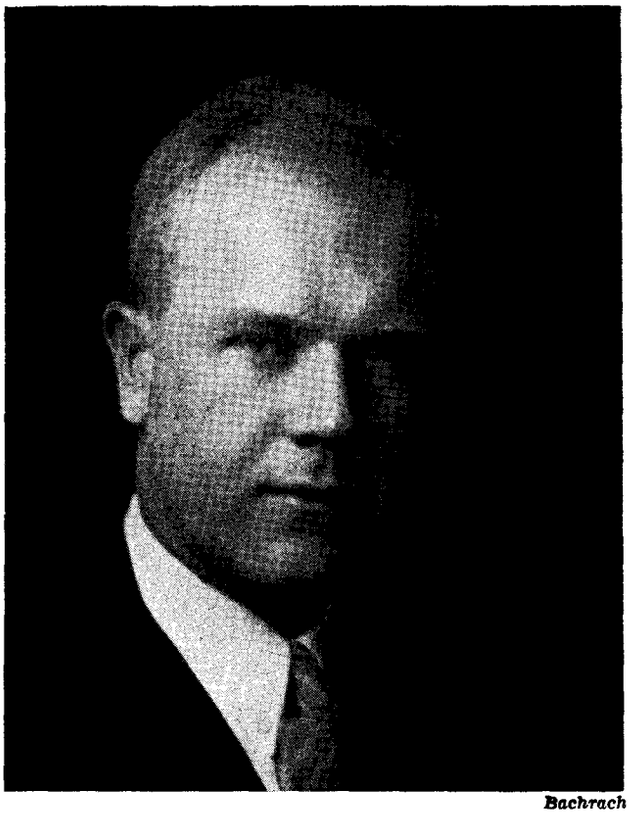
What's the Matter with Sociology?

BY CRANE BRINTON

IT seems ungenerous to ask what's the matter with sociology. The poor thing has been ailing ever since Auguste Comte a hundred years ago christened it a barbarous mixture of Latin and Greek. Until the even feebler science of education worked its way into academic circles a generation ago, sociology was in almost every university the pariah subject, the subject to which even the most uninspired student in the humanities, grinding away at the adverb in Suetonius or the three-field system in Much Michingham, could feel comfortably superior.



Bachrach

Crane Brinton

Sociology was committed, if only by its ending in "ology," to bringing forth the kind of cumulative and systematic knowledge achieved by sciences like zoölogy and geology. This it has certainly not yet done, and the contrasts between its aspiration and its achievement, its grand name and its confusing, often trivial content, were too obvious to be hidden. They were not hidden from the sociologists themselves, who can certainly not be accused of undue self-esteem. Sociologists are on the whole a modest lot, and their occasional outbreaks into prophecy are but natural compensations for their permanent inferiority complex.

Mr. Robert S. Lynd is perhaps best known to the general public of all American academic sociologists, for the "Middletown" books which he wrote with Mrs. Lynd have had a remarkable popular success. This new book*, for which he alone is responsible, offers a good occasion for one more survey of the ailing science. We need not be greatly worried if "sociology" and the "social sciences" seem occasionally almost interchangeable terms. Some sociologists have always claimed that theirs is the master social science, the one that brings together into a whole all the scattered information about man in society to be found in history, political science, economics, and the rest. Mr. Lynd in one part of his book protests against this attempt to make of sociology a "kind of holding company for all the special social sciences," but before he gets through he is clear that someone somehow should attempt to answer the most extensive and all-embracing questions about men in society.

There is no need to quarrel about words; certainly natural scientists do not do so. Let us open "sociology" up pretty wide, and catch such non-academics as Mr. Stuart Chase and Mr. Everett Dean Martin, such ex-academics as Mr. Harry Elmer Barnes and Mr. Thurman Arnold, such academics as Mr. Lynd and Mr. Gardner Murphy, and even a few wandering historians like the late James Harvey Robinson. However differently you may label them, these writers are all trying to arrive at systematic knowledge of the way men behave in society. They are attempting to do something analogous to what the natural scientist does; even the wittiest or the most graceful stylist among them usually does not profess to be trying to do what the philosopher or the novelist does. It is surely fair then to judge sociology as would-be science, not as would-be philosophy or literature.

If you will look closely at some of the books by men on the foregoing list, if you will extend the list by noting bibliographies and cross-references, you will discover that for the most part their authors refer to one another extensively, and to others like themselves in the past. In Mr. Lynd's book, for instance, you will find contemporaries like Gardner Murphy, the Allports, Wesley Mitchell, Laski, the Webbs, Beard, Dewey, Carl Becker, and a few figures from the past, such as Greek philosophers, or French and English liberal thinkers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. You will not find Pareto, Max Weber, W. G. Sumner, Montaigne, Machiavelli, Polybius; and you will find only unimportant references to Le Play, to Henry Maine, only slighting references to North Whitehead and Elton Mayo, none to L. J. Henderson. Your final list would be an imposing collection of men familiar in the pages of *The New Republic* and *The Nation;* it would be a list heavily weighted with "liberal" intellectuals. Even in monographs filled with facts and figures, with experiment and observation attempted on the best scientific models, you would find that a good deal of the sociologist's material comes from the reflections of his sympathetic co-workers in the intellectual's vineyard.

You are now close to what is chiefly the matter with sociology. Its practitioners are to an overwhelming extent partisans, improvers, preachers. That useful Greek work, "Logos," appears in sociology as it appears in the Gospel according to St. John, not as it appears in biology. Most sociologists are so interested in trying to devise ways of improving men's behavior that they neglect the less noble but more

Next Week

I LOOK AT AMERICAN FICTION
By PHYLLIS BENTLEY

JANE WELSH CARLYLE
By TOWNSEND SCUDDER, III
Reviewed by Charles F. Harrold

* *KNOWLEDGE FOR WHAT? The Place of the Social Sciences in American Culture. By Robert S. Lynd. Princeton: Princeton University Press.* 1939. $2.50.

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useful task of observing that behavior, and finding useful uniformities in it. Even when they attempt, as Mr. Stuart Chase did in his "Tyranny of Words," to leave behind their preacher's tricks and get down to facts, old habit is too much for them, and they indulge in a preacher's crusade against preaching. And when, as did J. H. Robinson, they come to recognize that men are not primarily rational, they still try to reason them out of irrationality. Mr. Lynd himself refers to Graham Wallas, E. P. Herring, and other realistic students of political behavior in men, and, up-to-date as he is, dwells frequently on the necessity for recognizing the irrational in men, and giving it proper play. But all this doesn't really sink in. He forgets it at once as soon as he starts the work of salvation by planning.

Moreover, most American sociologists are facing a dilemma increasingly serious for liberals: how reconcile their libertarian, equalitarian, and democratic traditions with their growing feelings of contempt for the ordinary American, the man who tunes in on Father Coughlin, reads *The Saturday Evening Post* or *True Story*, throws orange peels and cigarette stubs out of his Ford, and even votes Republican? They cannot trust this man, and yet they are constantly "planning" all sorts of nice things for him. Mr. Lynd's last chapter has a series of plans which makes the present national administration look like a branch of the Liberty League. They are plans which depend for their execution upon the domination of a relatively small group of enlightened superiors—sociologists perhaps—who must surely have to put over their plans by force or ruse on a large number of ordinary unenlightened men. But it will be done democratically, of course. Our sociologist is not going to copy the methods of the dictators. At least he says he isn't, and we may believe that he won't get the chance.

The sociologist is thus filled with mixed feelings towards the men who are the subjects of his study. He loves them—from a distance—and wants to make them happier and better; but he distrusts them, he is impatient with their blindness, their vegetable way of rooting down into ways he detests, and he gets very angry with them. He doesn't often burst out as frankly as did Mr. T. S. Matthews in his recent petulant remarks in *The New Republic* about our "swineherd editors."* Mr. Matthews, however, was only displaying indiscreetly what most of his fellow liberals also feel, but manage to bring out veiled in a little more elegance. Natural scientists are lucky; their emotions aren't so unhappily involved in their guinea pigs and their carbohydrates. For the scientist is not, *as scientist*, engaged in the effort to make moral values prevail. Plenty of natural scientists do indeed make little excursions from the laboratory to the pulpit, and usually make greater asses of themselves in the latter post than do social scientists, since they lack the saving grace of the social scientists' inferiority complex. But the physicist looking for God in an Expanding Universe is obviously engaged in an old, and often profitable, research, which has, however, no place in the discipline of physics. The line which separates sociology from theology is unfortunately not so clear.

Mr. Lynd will not admit that the scientist has no business to make value judgments, and devotes a rather ragged chapter to an attack on conservatives who harp on "dispassionate research" and

Steiner-Morris

Robert S. Lynd

"scientific objectivity." But he rather innocently cuts the ground from under himself when he writes, "Values may be and are properly and necessarily applied in the preliminary selection of 'significant,' 'important' problems for research. They may be but should not be applied thereafter to bias one's analysis or the interpretation of the meanings inherent in one's data." The best theorists of scientific method will admit that the scientist's choice of problems to be studied is probably largely determined by his sense of values, which means by his whole personal history. If Mr. Lynd and his fellow-sociologists really did keep their personal hopes and fears entirely out of their thinking *once they decided what to think about*, there wouldn't be nearly so much the matter with sociology.

There is another, and related, trouble from which most sociologists suffer. They are so used to manipulating ideas rather than things that they come to have a great contempt for all that is implied in the word "practical," a contempt which has something to do with their contempt for plain people. "It is here assumed," writes Mr. Lynd magnificently, "that 'It can't be done' is irrelevant to social science, if the rigidities of institutionalized habit or human inertia are all that appear to block the march toward desirable cultural change." "Perish the colonies rather than a principle!", Robespierre is supposed to have said. A grand sentiment scarcely echoed by the residents of San Domingo and Martinique. Mr. Lynd is here perhaps posturing a bit, but not in a way becoming to a scientist. His are grand feelings, Cyrano's plume of defiance adorning the intellectual and reformer; Rostand's hero, however, seems a strange model for a sociologist.

Mr. Lynd, when he writes of "rigidities" and "inertia" in such scornful and negative terms, makes clear the greatest error into which the refusal of the intellectual to look into ordinary, undignified matters leads him. Custom, habit, tradition, inertia—refer as you like to the way human beings tend to keep on doing what they have been conditioned to do—is not usually felt by ordinary men as a constraint, a limiting factor, a source of cramp or discomfort. Quite the contrary. There seems every evidence that most of the conduct, even of very intelligent men devoted to abstract studies, is of this routine sort, conduct never consciously built up, rarely criticized, and even more rarely altered, by deliberate thinking. And such conduct, far from being felt as oppressive, is almost as natural, as effortless, and as essential as breathing. But you can't write as elegantly about such conduct as you can about progress, social welfare, planning, or cultural heritage, the American Way, and so forth. You can always *assume* such conduct isn't important—as long as you are preaching, or writing, sociology. You don't make any such assumption if you have dealings with men beyond the classroom, lecture-platform, or pulpit.

Still another ailment of sociologists is their insistence on asking the biggest and most unanswerable questions. Mr. Lynd entitles a chapter "Some Outrageous Hypotheses." The word "outrageous" he took from the late W. M. Davis, a distinguished geologist. Davis meant what he said by the word; Mr. Lynd apparently takes it to mean "grandiose," "all-embracing." This sort of change is unhappily customary when social scientists borrow from natural scientists. Actually the natural scientist always starts with modest hypotheses which can be tested in a limited field, goes to the facts to test, and adds only gradually to the range of his problems as he feels himself on ground that stays firm. He does not ask himself meaningless questions, and by "meaningless" he indicates, as Bridgman puts it, a problem for which there exists no available operation, no effective test. There is

(*Continued on page* 14)

* Quoted in the *S.R.L.*, April 8.

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The Dynamics of Nazism

THE END OF ECONOMIC MAN: A STUDY OF THE NEW TOTALITARIANISM. By Peter F. Drucker. New York: John Day. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELI GINZBERG

CONVINCED that the tragic plight of the democracies can largely be explained by their repeated failure to understand the dynamics of the totalitarian revolutions (especially Nazism), Peter Drucker has written a brilliant book about the conditions governing Hitler's birth and growth.

Drucker begins his significant task of adult education by pointing out the danger of evaluating the Nazi Revolution in terms of the paranoid delusions of a political upstart, a mistake so serious that it probably will not be corrected without drawing England and France, and perhaps the entire world, into a sanguinary struggle to check the *furor teutonicus*.

Although it would be foolhardy, if not false, to contend that the Third Reich was predetermined by the Weimar Republic, Drucker is nevertheless justified in emphasizing that the breakdown of industrial capitalism and the dissolution of the communist ideal prepared the way for the Brown Terror.

The inability of industry to provide jobs for the young and security for the old, and the inability of the state to offer compensations greater than enforced idleness and miserable doles, conspired to break the allegiance of many to the *status quo*. Drucker shows that as the conviction spread that the impotence of industry and the state was organic rather than functional, ever larger numbers became tolerant of, if not active participants in, furthering the destruction of the Republic.

That change would be change to the right was inevitable in view of the disillusionment of western Europe with the Soviet alternative to capitalism, and the political obtuseness of the social democrats who were stymied by their reformist-pacifist approach. This approach, justified if at all in an expanding economy, was thoroughly unrealistic in defeated and bankrupt Germany. Drucker traces, with penetrating insight, the collapse of the trade unions, powerful organizations that succumbed to fat bureaucrats and thin philosophies.

Equally illuminating is the author's analysis of the churches. Preoccupied with doctrine and dogma, they failed miserably in understanding the crucial problems of a dissolving society. Hence they were unable to speak with authority and act with power in defense of Christian values.

War, inflation, depression prepared Germany for change. In fact, so thorough was the preparation that the country entrusted itself to a man whose promises were disbelieved by his followers and whose threats were ridiculed by his opponents.

Hitler rode into office on a bastard charger of hate and hope. But diffuse hostility and infantile aspirations could not create jobs for the unemployed nor security for the usurpers. Confronted with the task of organizing the country, Drucker shows how the Nazis inevitably stumbled upon the "war economy." In the name of national defense, trade unions were destroyed, capitalists shorn of their power, the universities polluted, the Jews disfranchised, political opponents murdered. But the "war economy" solved the most pressing economic problem—unemployment—and eased the most pressing social problem—new opportunities and rewards for the underprivileged.

These achievements have been dearly bought, but since the internal victories of the "war economy" depend upon external victories, even worse costs must still be met. In a world of strident nationalisms, external victories will eventually be checked.

In contrast to the puerile propagandists and precocious publicists who have attempted to rationalize the new totalitarianism in terms of economic aggrandizement of the poor, Drucker insists that fascism be viewed as an *ad hoc* solution which opportunists have developed to secure and maintain power—though in the process, they became victims of their own solution.

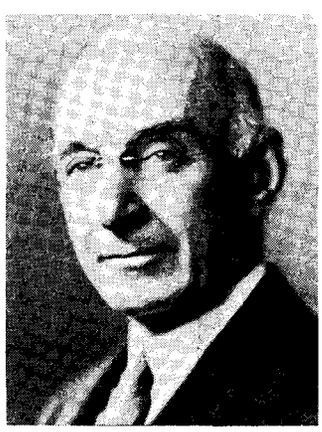
Still unfolding before our eyes, a story of this magnitude can surely not be captured in its entirety, but within these limitations, Drucker has accomplished very much.

Hygiene with a Difference

YOU'RE THE DOCTOR. By Victor Heiser, M.D. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH, M.D.

TO the thousands who have seen and heard Dr. Heiser, especially since his "Odyssey" has become so widely known, he seems in movie parlance to have everything—even umph! No wonder that everywhere he goes—and he goes everywhere—his envious listeners pursue him with the invariable question, "'What's your recipe, Doctor?' They have observed that I, a man in my mid-sixties, am hale and hearty, able to match rackets with many younger than myself, fond of swimming and riding, certain, no matter how hard the bed, to sleep soundly and to awake with pleasant anticipation. . . ." Here then is the answer to the question—and a whole lot more. Another "doctor book," to be sure, but since on every page there is something of the author's own ripe and vigorous personality as well as of his forty years of health research among the ailing of practically every land in the world, it was bound to be hygiene with a difference.



Victor G. Heiser

The chapter subjects proved to be the familiar ones despite the arresting headings; "How Now, Brown Cow," is of course our old friend milk. But themes for writers on personal hygiene, like plots for fiction and drama, are necessarily limited, and "You're the Doctor" illustrates once again how knowledge, experience, and imagination can inject brand new interest in even the hackneyed topics of diet, exercise, recreation, sleep. Since he ascribes most middle-aged unhappiness to over-eating and improperly balanced diets, a large portion of the book is devoted to the subject of nutrition. For sports and all relaxing fun he has the enthusiasm of an athlete and a highly civilized "mixer." Shoes, houses, beds, and a "merry heart" are important to our individual well-being, as water and milk supplies are to that of a community, and on all of these and much more, Dr. Heiser discourses always sensibly, often amusingly. But what gives his book outstanding charm in the family of "doctor books" is the manner in which Dr. Heiser uses his great reservoir of associated material provided by his unique opportunities for observation. In an effortless, almost rambling style, he wanders about in his storehouse of memories, producing incidents that give color and conviction to a vitamin or a vital statistic. Even corns and common colds make interesting reading in the light of Lindbergh's upper-air plant spores, and the Doctor's own lively experience with a chiropodist.

Here then is a book about health that belongs not on the first aid shelf, but on the library table.

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The Pulitzer Prize Winners

Fiction:
Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings for "The Yearling"

Drama:
Robert E. Sherwood for "Abe Lincoln in Illinois"

Poetry:
John Gould Fletcher for "Selected Poems"

Biography:
Carl Van Doren for "Benjamin Franklin"

History:
Frank Luther Mott for
"A History of American Magazines"

Carl Van Doren

THIS year's Pulitzer Prize Awards were announced, as usual, at 4 P. M. on the first Monday in May. In the most popular classifications—fiction, drama, and biography—the awards went to outstanding favorites; any short-end money that may have been placed on dark horses was unwisely invested. Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings's "The Yearling," twenty-first novel to win the Pulitzer Prize—and sixth in eleven years by a Southern author—was one of the most popular novels of the year, and received 26 out of 54 votes in the *Saturday Review's* poll of book reviewers and literary editors throughout the country, as recorded in these columns two weeks ago. "The Yearling," Mrs. Rawlings's third novel, was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection. So was "Benjamin Franklin," by Carl Van Doren, winner of the Pulitzer Prize for biography, and runaway leader in the *S.R.L.* Critics' Poll with 46 votes out of 56. "Benjamin Franklin" was undoubtedly the most widely read American biography of the year, and was received with unanimous enthusiasm by the reviewers. In pre-announcement speculation among bookmen, its only serious rival was Philip C. Jessup's two-volume "Elihu Root."

Frank Luther Mott

In both history and poetry the Pulitzer Prizes were awarded to books which got no votes at all in the *S.R.L.* poll—although 26 titles in history, and 19 in poetry, figured in the book critics' balloting. The history award goes to Frank Luther Mott, for Volumes II and III of "A History of American Magazines," both published in 1938. (The first volume, which carried the material up to 1850, appeared in 1930.) The two new volumes cover the years from 1850 to 1885. In the poetry award, the committee—while once again neglecting Robinson Jeffers—singled out a distinguished writer with a solid body of achievement behind him: John Gould Fletcher, for his "Selected Poems."

The drama award went, as universally anticipated, to Robert E. Sherwood for "Abe Lincoln in Illinois." This award was made possible by the fact that the Columbia Trustees had rescinded a rule, operative up to a few years ago, against awarding the Pulitzer Prize twice to the same dramatist.* (Mr. Sherwood won the prize in 1936 for "Idiot's Delight.") Incidentally, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" was runner-up in the April balloting of the New York Critics' Circle, which deadlocked in no award: five votes (Brooks Atkinson, Richard Watts, Burns Mantle, Sidney Whipple, Walter Winchell, representing respectively the *Times, Herald Tribune, News, World-Telegram,* and *Mirror*) went to "Abe Lincoln," against six for Lillian Hellman's play, "The Little Foxes."

Each prize-winning author receives $1,000.00 in cash, plus—presumably—additional royalties resulting from Pulitzer kudos.

Prizes in journalism were awarded as follows: "For the most disinterested and meritorious public service rendered by an American newspaper during the year, a gold medal costing $500.00" went to the *Miami Daily News,* for its campaign for recall of the City Commissioner. For foreign correspondence, $500.00 to Louis P. Lochner, Associated Press correspondent in Berlin. For distinguished editorial writing, $500.00 to R. G. Callvert of the *Portland Oregonian.* For distinguished reporting, $1,000.00 to Thomas L. Stokes of the *New York World-Telegram* for his investigation of W.P.A. activities in Kentucky. For a distinguished cartoon, $500.00 to Charles Werner of the *Daily Oklahoman,* Oklahoma City, for his cartoon, "Nomination for 1938."

The Fiction Award

In awarding the Pulitzer Prize for fiction to Mrs. Rawlings for "The Yearling" the judges have put an official accolade on a book which the public has already crowned with wide favor. This story of the hammock country of Florida is sprung of Mrs. Rawlings's intimate acquaintance with a section and a people which are little known to the American nation and which she has now adopted as her own. Born in Washington, D. C., she grew up on a farm in Maryland, took her degree from Wisconsin University, and followed the profession of journalism in Louisville, New York, and Rochester. She first won recognition with a long short story entitled "Jacob's Ladder." But with "South Moon Under," a poetic and moving portrayal of humble Florida folk, she came into her own. She lives at present in the heart of the country which she describes in "The Yearling," with her dogs as sole companions, and with the countryfolk as her friends. Of her prize-win-

* Clayton Hamilton inveighed against this rule in an article in *The Saturday Review,* January 4, 1936.

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ning book Jonathan Daniels, reviewing it in *The Saturday Review* of April 2, 1938, said:

> It is a story sad enough. . . . But Mrs. Rawlings wisely has not written in the solemn terms of tragedy. Rather her book of the Baxter family is crowded with comedy of character, with full-bodied folk-wisdom, and with the silence and excitement, the ultimate noise and accumulated natural history of the backwoods hunt.

A chapter of "The Yearling" appeared in *The Saturday Review* as a book preview before its publication in book form.

The Biography Award

In his "Three Worlds," in which in 1936 Carl Van Doren reviewed the fifty years of his life, he painted a vivid self-portrait of the making of the literary critic and biographer who has now carried off the Pulitzer award in biography. He was born in Hope, Ill., on September 10, 1885, and his boyhood was spent on a farm in the intimacy of a closely-knit and cultured family circle where the tastes which later became so absorbing a passion in the man found encouragement in the eager interests of his parents and brothers. In the University of Illinois, which he knew as both student and instructor, his insatiable appetite for reading and his remarkable memory were translated into an intense desire to write. Once in New York he soon became launched on the career as critic and biographer, which, with interludes as associate professor of English at Columbia University and headmaster of the Brearley School, has absorbed him ever since. He was successively literary editor of *The Nation*, of *The Century Magazine*, and of the Literary Guild, producing during these years of editorial activity, among others, such books as "The American Novel" and "Contemporary American Novelists," a novel, "The Ninth Wave," and an outstanding life of Swift. Of his "Benjamin Franklin," Crane Brinton in his review in *The Saturday Review* of October 8, 1938, said:

> In these days of Freudians, Marxists, debunkers, Stracheyites, Guedallans, and other practitioners of the unsettled and unsettled art of the "new" biography, one does not often come across a book as nearly in the great tradition of biography in the English language as Mr. Van Doren's "Franklin." . . . This is certainly the Franklin book of our generation.

The History Award

Born in Keokuk Co., Iowa, on April 4, 1886, Frank Luther Mott has been editor of papers in that state and is at present professor of journalism and director of the School of Journalism of Iowa University. He is joint editor and publisher of *The Midland*, that magazine in which so many of the authors of the Corn Belt have had their first discussion and publication, and editor of the *Journalism Quarterly*. He is now and has for some years been Chairman of the National Council for Research in Journalism. Among his numerous books are "The Literature of Pioneer Life in Iowa," "Six Prophets out of the Middle West," and "The Rewards of Reading," all of which preceded the exhaustive "History of American Magazines" which has now won him the Pulitzer award in history. Writing in *The Saturday Review* of November 12, 1938, of the latest volume of that work, John T. Winterich said:

> Mr. Mott is a superb packer. He tucks his facts in tightly and in good order; and out of them a dozen other sound books could readily be constructed. . . . Yet Mr. Mott finds space for an occasional fairly lengthy anecdote.

The Drama Award

Robert Emmet Sherwood, born in New Rochelle, N. Y., on April 4, 1896, was a writer before he was out of knickerbockers. At seven he edited for a year a magazine called *Children's Life*, at eight he planned a revision of "A Tale of Two Cities," and by the time he was ten he had a play ready for production. In Harvard, which he left for two years to join the Canadian Expeditionary Force in France (where, before the war was over, he was wounded and gassed) he edited the *Lampoon's* parody of *Vanity Fair* to such good purpose that on his graduation he was invited to become an editor of the latter magazine. From *Vanity Fair* he went to the old *Life* of which he was editor for four years, acting also as its motion picture editor, and becoming in addition literary editor of *Scribner's Magazine*. In 1927 with "The Road to Rome" Sherwood started on a career of dramatic distinction which won him a Pulitzer Prize in 1936 for "Idiot's Delight" and has now a second time brought him that award. Writing of the published occasion of his current prize-winning play, in *The Saturday Review* of April 29, John Anderson, dramatic critic of the *Journal American*, said:

> Though it loses enormously in its separation from Raymond Massey's dedicated performance, Mr. Sherwood's "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" has one great advantage over the acted version, and that is a collection of workshop notes appended to the text. They reveal the care with which the author has used his source material, and they make very fascinating reading. It still seems to me that the merit of the play as drama has been confused with its undeniable value as preachment in a troublous time.

The Poetry Award

"The sort of poet who reaches his greatest brilliance when allowed to develop rapidly successive musical variations on a theme capable of prolonged treatment," said Conrad Aiken of John Gould Fletcher, winner of the poetry award. Born on January 3, 1886, in Little Rock, and again resident there, John Gould Fletcher spent many of the formative

Robert E. Sherwood

years of his literary life abroad. Immediately upon graduation from Harvard he sailed for Italy, and after wandering for some time on the Continent eventually made his way to England. There he made the acquaintance of Ezra Pound, and under the impulsion of his friendship and the urgings of Amy Lowell, began to think seriously of poetry as his vocation. He became identified with the Imagist group, though gradually branching out and widening the scope of his verse. A few years ago he decided to abandon Europe for his own country since "only in America," he says, "can one find the necessary resistance, that fundamental give and take that is so essential to the artist." In addition to numerous books of verse he has published biography and an autobiography. Of his "Selected Poems" Dudley Fitts, writing in *The Saturday Review* of August 27, 1938, said: "The literary historian will need this book for his consideration of the Imagist movement."

John Gould Fletcher

Pinchot

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

GEORGE STEVENS..... Editor
JOSEPH HILTON SMYTH, HARRISON SMITH .... Publishers
AMY LOVEMAN..... Associate Editor
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY Contributing Editors

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The Pulitzer Prizes

IN the opinion of *The Saturday Review,* this year's Pulitzer awards have on the whole gone to distinguished books. There will be few to quarrel with the choice for fiction. "The Yearling" has many first-rate qualities: an insight into the mind and emotions of a boy which must be unique among novels written by women; a nostalgic charm which comes off the book like mist from the Everglades; a feeling for nature and animals that is not infected by sentimentality; a moving narrative motivated humanly and not melodramatically. Mrs. Rawlings writes within the limitations of her own observation and background; "The Yearling" is a minor masterpiece, its author not yet a major novelist. But of the major American novelists thus far neglected by the Pulitzer judges (notably Ellen Glasgow, Ernest Hemingway, John Dos Passos, John Steinbeck), only Dos Passos had a novel published in 1938, and that was "U. S. A.," the one-volume edition of three novels which had appeared separately in previous years. Some critics would have preferred to see the award go to "All This, and Heaven Too," by Rachel Field, but this is a preference by taste rather than by values. Elizabeth Madox Roberts's candidate, "Black Is My Truelove's Hair," is not another "Time of Man," and James T. Farrell marked time in "No Star Is Lost."

In biography the choice of Carl Van Doren's "Benjamin Franklin" is unexceptionable. It is only unfortunate that another excellent biography, Philip C. Jessup's "Elihu Root," should have been published the same year. Another unexceptionable choice is "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," by Robert E. Sherwood, for drama. "Abe Lincoln" is a distinguished and moving play. If it owes some of its power to its subject matter, it does treat a familiar subject with originality; if it is better in production than in book form, that is a tribute to Mr. Sherwood's skill in writing for the theater.

Allan Nevins, writing in *The Saturday Review,* called 1938 "another thin and disappointing year in American historical writing, the second in succession." It is not surprising that the history award should have gone to a dark horse. But Mr. Mott's "History of American Magazines" is a dark horse of considerable girth and by no means without personality. An invaluable compendium of information for the literary as well as the historical student (now that scholarship is increasingly occupied not only with the literature of the past, but with what the public used to read), Mr. Mott's volumes offer to the general reader a colorful and informative browsing-ground. If "The History of American Magazines" is more interesting to dip into than to read consecutively, that is the limitation of its subject matter.

But if 1938 was not a good year for history, it was for poetry. John Gould Fletcher has undoubtedly deserved Pulitzer recognition for many of his achievements in the past. However, we have no choice but to revive the annual battle-cry of these columns, and protest once more that Robinson Jeffers has been neglected. The number of minor poets who have won Pulitzer Prizes in years when Jeffers had books in the field is a serious reflection on the standards of the poetry award. Archibald MacLeish also had two distinguished books out in 1938, but at least he has once been a Pulitzer prize-winner (for "Conquistador").

Nomination for next year: John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath."

The World of Tomorrow*

BY BABETTE DEUTSCH

NOW, preparing the Fair, they speak of tomorrow.
They cross striped trouser-legs, one lifts his chin
(The iron jaw under the velvet skin)
From a formal collar. The throat as a tower
Of ivory was Solomon's fine thought,
Who dealt in ivory, and in spices and hides,
Gold, silver, pomegranates, and what besides
Could be shipped f.o.b., having been bought
Cheaply, to sell at what the traffic would bear.
They speak of tomorrow, building alabaster
Towers, but in the brief splendor of plaster,
Bold ramps jutting on the empty air.
O gaiety of blue and orange domes!
Miracles of speed and magnitude,
The eyeless windows, the synthetic wood,
The metal easy-chairs, the bright glass homes!
Pennants ballooning, color everywhere,
The booths, the bands, swing-music, souvenirs,
The tricks of chemists and of engineers,
The crowds that taste and try and push and stare,
Grasping at tomorrow, which is not to be seen
Even with television or the electric eye,
Or spun from the smashed atom or announced by the lie-
Detector, or any yet more marvellous machine.

Tomorrow will come, naturally, like death
(Old-fashioned death: we have refused to import
The clever Japanese or the noisy Italian sort).
Oh, it will come more quietly than a bud from its sheath.
It was prepared before and after the Flood,
In Egypt, and in Rome; some think Richelieu
Put a jewelled finger on it, and Metternich too
Would have played obstetrician if he could;
But tomorrow is not in the hands of a man or a nation,
Though it has been shaped by Moscow and Madrid,
And all that we left undone and all that we did,
The late sleep, the paid kiss, the hands in the golden basin.
This is not quite what they mean, these gentlemen
Planning the Fair, eager to promote trade,
Make friends, make money, make what can be made,
Mapping a new world with a streamlined pen.
They are deceived; we know it otherwise,
The familiar features that we cannot place
(O in what mirror have we met that face?)
We know this world, the craters of those eyes.
How shall we bear their look?
How shall we bear
The rowdy jazz, the laughs, the jolly fun,
Or the polite pose of deafness to which we run
From tomorrow's image and tonight's despair?

The impresario is unimpressed,
Delighting in his triangle and sphere,
Blocks of a nursery world he can build here
To cheer the mob who all hope for the best,
And think of the future as something on which to borrow,
Not as the glory for which the world was made.
Nor do we think of it so, who are ashamed and afraid
Now. Preparing the Fair, they speak of tomorrow.

* (*The Academy of American Poets is conducting a national poetry contest to select the official poem of the New York World's Fair, 1939. The subject of the poem is The World of Tomorrow. According to the rules of the contest, the poem must be consonant with the spirit of the New York World's Fair,* 1939.)

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Letters to the Editor: *Health Insurance in Europe and America*

"American Medicine Mobilizes"

SIR:—Dr. Mabel S. Ulrich thus questions . . . Mr. Rorty's "propaganda" when ". . . Mr. Rorty 'proves' with quoted figures that thirty per cent of our indigent population do not receive adequate medical care, implying that this is because they can't purchase it, we have a right to know that no less a health authority than Dr. Haven Emerson has sharply challenged the careless methods employed by the investigators for the quoted survey. . . . "

It is almost a trite consideration on my part to remark that authorities in every branch of medical welfare have lauded the work of the President's Committee on Medical Care, to which Mr. Rorty referred (see quotations in the Committee's publication, "The Nation's Health," 1938). What is much more to the point is that, among other surveys, the very highly regarded Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, which conducted an outstanding piece of work, found equally significant results. After laborious, painstaking research they were able to report that "each year nearly *one-half* of the individuals in the lowest income group receive no professional medical or dental attention of *any kind,* curative or preventive." (Final Report of the Committee, 1932, page 9.) Does Dr. Ulrich seriously question the "implication" that the reason thirty per cent of our indigent population do not receive adequate medical care is because they can't purchase it? But even among families with low or moderate incomes "two to four per cent *each year* [of the families] will require medical treatment the cost of which will be beyond their means or which they will be able to pay only with difficulty." (See Publication Number 25, The Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, page 14.) The figures I am quoting were not gathered in the depths of any depression; they were taken in 1928-29!

Dr. Ulrich points to the fact that "even among those who have an income of three thousand dollars or more, only seventeen per cent seek a doctor when ill." But it is precisely such facts that argue for a compulsory system of health insurance. It is this very refusal of people to take upon themselves the responsibility for providing themselves with physicians that causes the community to suffer, and has forced the countries of Europe to institute a system that protects them against the ravages of disease that thrive on the carelessness and irresponsibility of the human race.

Dr. Ulrich, of course, raises the old battle-cry "bureaucracy." It is indeed amazing how people can resort to such a line of attack when we have before us the tested and tried example of workmen's compensation, which incidentally itself involves medical relationships. Unemployment insurance and old age pensions schemes can be expected to be perfected by the time and experience that operates on all social planning. The British Medical Association, forced for twenty-one years to endure the "bureaucracy" of a national scheme of health insurance, not only brought in a laudatory report of the system, but actually asked for its further expansion. (See both the Report of the British Medical Association to the Royal Commission on Health Insurance, page 34, and The British Medical Association's Proposals for a General Medical Service for the Nation, 1933, page 31.) Every scheme ever introduced in this country for a system of health insurance (Model Bill of the American Association for Social Security and Senator Capper's bill especially) bends over backward in allowing the physician complete freedom in the discharge of his medical services. That such freedom can be afforded is adequately demonstrated both in the operation of doctors under our workmen's compensation laws and in foreign states. (See Health Insurance with Medical Care, Orr and Orr, 1938.)

AUSTIN D. GOLDMAN.
College of the City of New York.

"You can't put it down. Every chapter ends in the middle of a sentence."

Sockalexis

SIR:—Of course Brother Benét is kidding. He knows *Sockalexis* was an Indian ball player of the nineties whose career was allegedly shortened by addiction to beverages stronger than malted milk.

WILLIAM O. TRAPP.
New York City.

"Discovering Long Island"

SIR:—There is an implication in the review of William Oliver Stevens's "Discovering Long Island," which appeared in your April 22nd issue, that this book was planned to take advantage of the general publicity about the World's Fair. While it is hoped that many visitors to the Fair may become aware of the charms of Long Island through reading this book, it was not planned as a guide book for such readers only. To the contrary, it belongs to a group of books which Dr. Stevens has been writing and which includes to date volumes on Nantucket, Annapolis, and Williamsburg. The chapter on the World's Fair was included because no discussion of Long Island at the present moment can overlook that phenomenon. This chapter was placed at the end of the book, however, where it may be easily dropped, if and when the Fair ceases to be of interest.

RAYMOND T. BOND.
Dodd, Mead & Co.
New York City.

"Ordeal"

SIR: —An everyday housewife and mother with, I suppose, an average mind insists upon stating it is her earnest belief everyone should not only read "Ordeal" by Nevil Shute but digest it as well. The author, with his vivid and true pen, escorts people like her behind and beyond the sensationally exciting headlines of today's newspapers; he puts thoughts they ordinarily wouldn't possess into their heads; and he leads them serenely, without alarm, to the practicality they surely must be armored with in the near future.

"Ordeal" is a great, constructive illumination.

LILLIAN FOGLER BARRINGTON.
Great Neck, N. Y.

Finley Peter Dunne

SIR:—I am making a study of Finley Peter Dunne and the influence of his writings upon contemporary politics and political journalism. I would appreciate hearing from persons having biographical material concerning Dunne, as well as from his former associates who have useful memories. Of course I am especially interested in letters, but clippings and even references to published items that I may have overlooked would be welcome.

ELMER ELLIS.
University of Missouri
Columbia, Mo.

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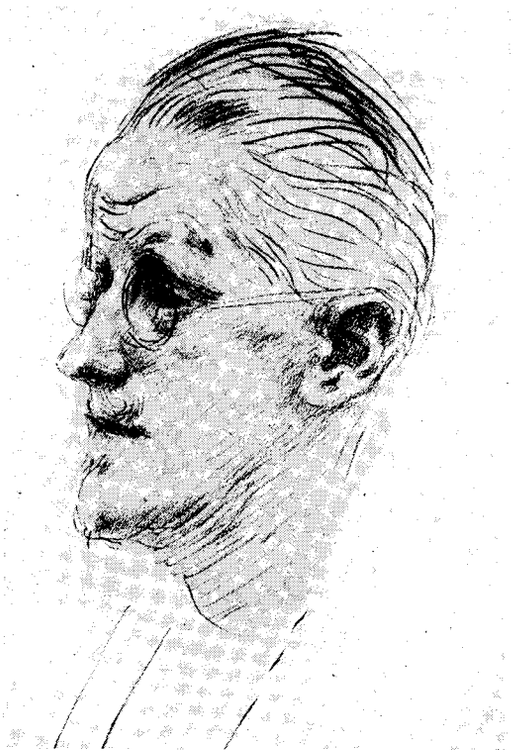
James Joyce's Jabberwocky



James Joyce—Portrait by Augustus John

FINNEGANS WAKE. By James Joyce. New York: The Viking Press. 1939. $5.

Reviewed by PAUL ROSENFELD

LONG heralded and eagerly awaited, the new, two-hundred-thousand-word novel by the illustrious author of "Ulysses" proves to be a work not unlike "The Making of Americans" by Gertrude Stein and "Towards a Better Life" by Kenneth Burke. It is one of the latter-day abstract fictions in which the writing is not so much about something as that something itself. As in its relatives, in "Finnegans Wake" the style, the essential qualities and movement of the words, their rhythmic and melodic sequences, and the emotional color of the page are the main representatives of the author's thought and feeling. The accepted significations of the words are secondary.

Indeed, in the case of this new volume, the language approaches a condition of privacy. It is composed to a great extent of sonorous neologisms reassembling syllables and wisps of words derived from Irish, English, and American dialects and languages as related to English as Norse, French, German, and Italian are; and of portmanteau-words, etymological puns, Hibernicisms, and other humorous ambiguities. In some instances, these neologisms reveal themselves as clever and economical concentrations of two or more meanings. In many others, they remain unintelligible, and the author's drift is entirely elusive.

Yet it is possible that in future years this new language of Joyce's will grow less private. It must be remembered that at the time of its first publication, "Ulysses" also contained a large number of expressions which seemed unintelligible and which have now come to make clear sense. And this circumstance, even in the face of the fact that "Finnegans Wake" differs more completely from "Ulysses" than that book differed from works in the tradition of realistic fiction, emboldens one to believe that the newcomer may come to speak more distinctly to us than it does at present. Even now, certain pages, passages, indeed whole chapters of it make or appear to make sense: and in any case seem to convey their author's ideas and his characteristic boundlessly bitter, boundlessly sad, and still humorous feeling. One of them is the initial chapter, which loosely adheres to the old narrative form. It causes us to conceive the situation of a man who has "fallen" or believes himself to have "fallen," either physically or morally, and during a thunderstorm lies drunkenly asleep in the Phoenix Park in Dublin by the banks of the Liffey. Another is the final chapter of Part I, the famous "Anna Livia Plurabelle" chapter. It is a sort of gongoristic and onomatopeic prose-poem about life symbolized as a girl and the course and flow of a river. Still others are the drunken epithalamium in Part II, the Swiftian sections of Part III, and almost the whole of the brief and relatively lucid final portion, with its feeling of a sad awakening.

And as a whole the book conveys or seems to convey a meaning. To begin with, the narrative plunges us into some manner of timeless reality, in which the selves of the Norse founders of Dublin and the subject of the narrative (possibly H. C. Earwicker, an imaginary Dublin postman of the 1900's, possibly Here Comes Everybody or even the author himself) and the egos of Sir Tristram and of Dean Swift are contemporaneous and even interchangeable. This vague realm is haunted by shadows of certain archetypes in the human mind: mist-giants (Jute and Mutt), Michael and Satan (The Mookse and The Gripes); the perfection of the number Four; above all by a bisexual deity whose masculine principle is symbolized by a mountain (Howth) and an elmtree, while its feminine one is symbolized by waterways, and which appears in human pairs such as Adam and Eve, Tristram and Yseult, Swift and Vanessa, and the "hero" and his "Annie." The narrative reflects their relations and lets us hear their alternating voices.

And this timeless reality appears to be the scene of some evolutionary process. Interfused in substance though they are, the four parts are distinct and represent a progress. The first has a mythological atmosphere, the second an heroic and theological one (there is a suggestion of heroic drama and of theological volumes and their commentaries), the third a rationalistic and human character (a fable and a liberal sermon figure here), while the fourth is full of suggestions of preparations for action and creation.

Now, these four stages correspond to the four periods of human evolution according to the eighteenth-century Italian philosopher Giambattista Vico, whose name, like that of Giordano Bruno, appears throughout the book in various disguises. Vico cherished many quaint ideas besides the idea that humanity developed progressively on theocratic, philosophic, rationalistic, and creative levels: for example, the idea that primitive man, who originally was promiscuous, was scared into caves by thunder which seemed to him to express the anger of the heavens, and in these caves developed monogamatic ties and morality. Hence, several writers have adopted the hypothesis that precisely as "Ulysses" represents a serio-comic reindividuation of the form of the "Odyssey," "Finnegans Wake" represents a serio-comic reindividuation of Vico's mould.* And, taking this hypothesis in connection with certain other circumstances: (1) the timeless reality; (2) the title, which is derived from an Irish ballad celebrating Finnegan's fall and death-like trance till the word "whisky" restored him; and (3) the suggestion of sleeping and waking and the circumstance that the language suggests the operations of the mind during slumber under conditions of strain and discomfort —we arrive at the following conclusion. It is that in all likelihood "Finnegans

* The inquisitive reader is referred to "Exagmination of James Joyce," the analytical volume stimulated by the serialization of the first part of "Finnegans Wake" some ten years since and recently reissued by New Directions (Norfolk, Conn. $2.).

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Wake" represents sleep half-satirically conceived as a recapitulation of the process by which life organized itself and society developed; and particularly the action of the mind of a sleeping individual whose monogamatic inclinations are struggling to harmonize themselves with vagabond and ascetic ones. This would not prevent its being a half-tender and half-savagely blasphemous picture, much in Joyce's spirit, of human life as a drunken dream.

Yet in the face of the wit and mysterious poetry with which the book is strewn, and all the reasons for foreseeing its future greater intelligibility, we close it without a great feeling of enthusiasm. Livelier, more ingenious, and denser of verbal texture than Gertrude Stein's and Kenneth Burke's somewhat similar productions it distinctly is. The Jabberwocky-like "ballads of Perce Oreille" interspersed amid the prose are certainly delightful. But for all its evidences of Joyce's profound philology, his style lacks the strong root-feeling of the language. It is cold and cerebral in comparison with that of a veritable "radical" like Gerard Manley Hopkins. The pressure of passion and driving necessity frequently seems absent. And too often we have the sense of repletion and a mark overshot.

A Novel of Ideas

ENTANGLEMENT. By George Buchanan. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THE fifth book and the third novel by the brilliant young Irish journalist George Buchanan, this is the first of his books to appear in an American edition. Published last year in England, "Entanglement" comes to us with a fanfare of praise by Priestley, Wells, Wilfred Gibson, Howard Spring, and Phyllis Bentley. The aim of the novel is to reproduce and establish a mood, the mood of England from April 1937 to April 1938, and since this mood is intellectual as well as emotional, "Entanglement" is largely a novel of ideas. Our interest in the characters is coldly objective, and although we share their thoughts, acts, and feelings intently, we do not *care* what happens to them. The total of their individual responses to the social, economic, international, and political threats and uncertainties of that memorable year mirrors the stultifying confusion of England

Howard Coster
George Buchanan

—and half the world—in the throes of a painful, enervating transition.

The framework of the novel is familiar and effective: most of the characters either live in or are employed in a block of luxury flats overlooking Hyde Park—tenants of the sumptuous apartments or assistants in the ground-floor shops. It is "Angel Pavement" or "Street Scene" cutting through a wider, thicker segment of metropolitan life, bringing to pulsating reality the minutiae of London's days and nights on contrasting social and economic levels. The author's point of view is omniscient, and from page to page we pass from character to character, seeing them always from the inside as they are illuminated by brief Proustian flashes, and seeing, too, a world as diverse as the characters who view it—the rich, vulgar merchant with a wishful eye on British fascism; the over-refined industrialist who seeks peace in a mystic religiosity; the idealistic young quarry-worker who fights in Spain; the simple, earthy shop-girls aware only of their *métier de femme*; the brooding, sensitive young men to whom war is a grim, personal threat.

Buchanan possesses a sharp intelligence and an intellectual honesty which give authority and significance, if not charm, to his pages. "Entanglement" has a curious Russian flavor—in its Chekhovian irrelevancies, which are of course not irrelevancies at all but deliberate parts of a carefully worked out pattern; in the insulation of the characters from one another; in the guarded avoidance of climaxes and crises; in the calm surfaces that do not conceal the disquietude beneath. Although "Entanglement" raises many questions, it answers none, and there is little attempt to synthesize the vast material of the novel, other than to catch the mood of a troubled year.

Theatrical Character

HEAD WIND. The Story of Robert Loraine. By Winifred Loraine. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1939. $3.50.

Reviewed by RAYMOND HOLDEN

ROBERT LORAINE, whom theater-going New Yorkers of the hansom cab era may remember as "New York's most beautiful man," had other strings than beauty to his bow. He was the sort of man who would have been an actor even if the theater had never been invented.

It is a commentary on his character that the performances he gave off the boards were usually in better dramas than those in which theater audiences saw him in England and America. He began by being the kind of child whom everyone would like to drown—he climbed out a high window and hung from the ledge by his hands until his parents promised him that he would not have to take any medicine. He fought belligerently in the Boer War—he says he "needed that war." He was one of the first successful airplane pilots, having been the first—in 1910, while he was rehearsing a play in London—to cross the Irish sea by air. He was a pilot, and a doggedly heroic one, in the British Air Force almost from the beginning of the war and was twice seriously wounded, the second wound, in 1918, finishing his service and sending him back to the stage play "Cyrano."

Portrait by Buchel
Robert Loraine in 1919

Loraine was an early admirer and great friend of Bernard Shaw—played in many of Shaw's early plays and seems to have been regarded as a successful Shavian interpreter in spite of the fact that he felt more at home with Rostand. Perhaps this was because one summer in Wales he and Shaw nearly drowned together.

Loraine was a strange, fiercely romantic fellow, whose emotional nature was one protracted paradox. He ran away from his first wife on their wedding night. He was so hard on the fliers whom he trained during the war that he was regarded as a butcher. The members of his command at the front seem to have disliked him intensely. In 1935 his health, ruined by the war, finally did him in, when he was in his middle fifties.

This story of his life, told by the wife of his later years, is presented with much sympathy but with no effort to make him seem anything but what he really was—a passionately fantastic, congenital hero. It is an amazing, improbable history which happens to be true. Not the least interesting part of it is a series of letters and interpolations in the text by Shaw.

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Fight between peasants and soldiers. From the painting by Wouwermans.

History Anticipating Itself

THE THIRTY YEARS WAR. By C. V. Wedgwood. New Haven: The Yale University Press. 1939. $4.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

THREE hundred and twenty years ago the movement of German armies into Bohemia, where the Czechs were reasserting their often suppressed but always renascent national independence, began a long, hideous European war. At first the powers felt that the Bohemian trouble could be localized. The Czechs had counted on English and French support but both states held aloof; the king of France had no sympathy for Protestants or for the desire of peoples to govern themselves, the king of England fancied himself as a peacemaker. But Europe was full of unrest, aggression begets aggression, and soon those states which did not take to arms through greed, or the desire to uphold some sacred cause, were driven to them through fear, or in simple self-defense.

For thirty years thereafter there reeled back and forth across Germany armies speaking every tongue of Europe, locked in a confused, interminable struggle. They fought to advance national aims, personal ambitions, warring ideologies. Towards the last they fought because they did not know how to stop fighting, like automata in a ghastly nightmare. Scholars are still arguing over the cost of that war, whether it reduced the population of Germany by two-thirds, or only by less than half, whether it, alone, was responsible for the cultural decline and political and social backwardness of Central Europe thereafter, or whether other causes had been at work, whether Germany might have found national unity and normal development had the war been avoided, or whether disintegration had already gone too far. In a sense we are still paying, and shall continue to pay the costs of the Thirty Years War. For, not only did it contribute fatally to the barbarization of Germany, but, like all European wars thereafter, it did not end with peace, but with a truce of exhaustion and a rearrangement of frontiers which held the seeds of future wars.

It is strange that, until now, there has been no good, compact history of the Thirty Years War available in English. There is, now. One is tempted to say that Miss Wedgwood's book not only supersedes anything else of its kind in English, but is probably the best short history of the Thirty Years War in any language. It is based upon an astonishing command of the printed sources, which have been so thoroughly reworked that it is in the best sense of the word an original contribution to history. It manages to be critical, judicial, well balanced, without sacrificing for a moment force, interest, excitement; an impressive demonstration that history can still be written soundly for the general reading public. Its narrative pages recapture the action and suspense of battles and intrigues, its sketches of personalities are vivid and incisive, yet the movement of the whole story is never lost in inviting byways. Her power to convey clearly and justly the broad outlines of confusing situations and to preserve the reader's sense of proportion in the midst of details marks Miss Wedgwood as a historian in the great tradition. The format of the book is worthy of its content. There are maps and many well reproduced illustrations, an intelligent supplementary bibliography of the most recent literature, and a good index. This is a book which specialists cannot afford to neglect and which the general reader will be glad to own.

Maritime New York

THE RISE OF NEW YORK PORT, 1815-1860. By Robert Greenhalgh Albion. With the collaboration of Jessie Barnes Pope. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1939. $3.75.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS handsomely-illustrated volume shows how interesting and illuminating the best kind of economic history can be made. At bottom it is a masterly piece of analysis; a study of just how commercial, financial, and social forces combined to raise New York in a single generation to undisputed primacy among American ports. But it is as picturesque and readable a narrative as Morison's "Maritime History of Massachusetts." Beginning with the year in which New Yorkers enthusiastically welcomed peace with England by a great dinner and celebration, and in which Europe gained a return to normal pursuits at Waterloo, and ending with Lincoln's election on the eve of the Civil War, the book covers a long list of striking developments. Packet lines to Europe were established, and lines of steamers followed; the Erie Canal was opened, stimulating Western trade with the Atlantic; the Sound became a great waterway; Southern commerce was developed by the "cotton triangle"; by brig and schooner Cuba and the other Caribbean islands poured their sugar, molasses, and tobacco into the city; other lines brought Plata hides and Rio sugar from South America; with the Irish famine and the failure of the German revolution a great immigrant traffic sprang up; and after the discovery of gold New York was linked to California by some of the fastest clippers in existence. It is a story wide in scope and rich in color. Dr. Albion has made the most of its economic significance, but he has not neglected any of its literary opportunities.

The main thesis of his crowded and panoramic book is that the origins of New York's supremacy as a port go back a little earlier than has usually been supposed, and that the causes are decidedly more complex. It will not do merely to say that the Erie Canal accomplished it. DeWitt Clinton did not finish his big ditch until 1825; and Dr. Albion boldly states that it was the preceding decade, 1815-25, which determined that New York would outstrip all other seaports. The city's primacy has always lain in importing rather than exporting. When the Napoleonic Wars closed, British manufacturers hastened to dump their wares in America via New York; and while this wholesale marketing at low prices was ruinous to many American manufacturers, it yielded New York shippers rich gains. As important as any other element was the creation of the "cotton triangle," giving New York command of a large share of the South's commercial activ-

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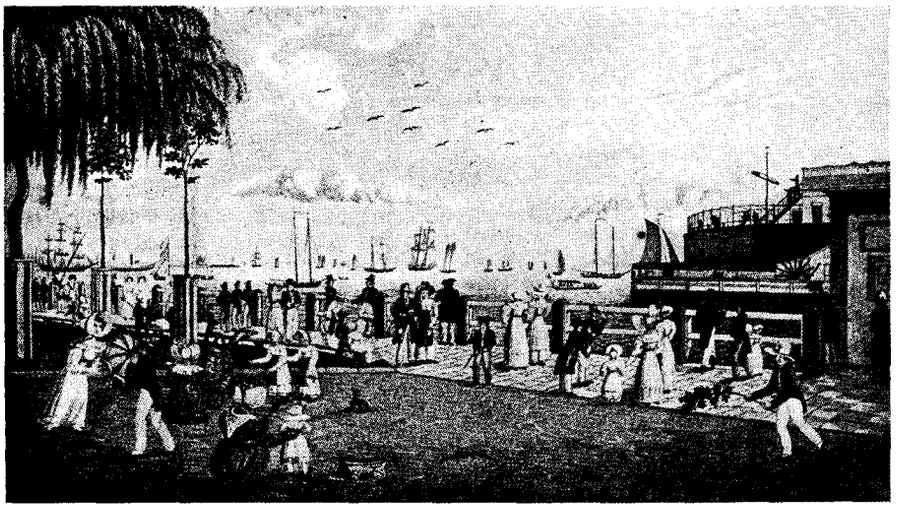
ity. In the fifties the Southerners, trying belatedly to create a direct trade from their own ports, declared that the New Yorkers and their associates were taking forty cents out of every dollar that Europe paid for the staple.

Dr. Albion does not confine himself to wharves and decks. In two absorbing chapters, "Merchant Princes" and "Within the Counting House," he describes the leaders whose brains and enterprise made New York's supremacy possible, and analyzes some of their methods of making a profit. Most of the names are familiar to those who have studied any maritime history—Griswold, Howland, Goodhue, Preserved Fish, Anson G. Phelps, the Grinnells, the Lows, and the Tappans. They were the solid men of the city, and they created a society based on character and flavored by culture which is well described in those two classics, Philip Hone's "Diary" and Dayton's "Last Knickerbocker Days of New York." Dr. Albion does the fine qualities of these great shippers and merchants full justice. An equally interesting chapter, "The East River Yards," tells how the New York ships were designed, built, and equipped in such great yards as that of Henry Eckford, of Isaac Webb (who trained Donald McKay of clipper ship fame), Christian Bergh, and the Brown brothers. So famous did the best yards become that both European and Latin-American nations turned to them before the Civil War for the construction of frigates.

This is an unusually well-planned and carefully wrought volume, packed with the fruits of research, touching a wide variety of topics, and yet without a dull page. Some of its chapters (that, for example, on New York and the demand for ship-subsidies, and that on the immigration business) merely open up large topics which are worth books in themselves; but taken in relation to its aim, the book shows no lack of thoroughness. The publishers have illustrated it with a wealth of attractive maritime prints and unhackneyed portraits.



New York harbor from the Battery (about 1850)

Expert in Sea Strategy

MAHAN: The Life and Work of Captain Alfred Thayer Mahan, U.S.N. By Captain W. D. Puleston, U.S.N. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1939. $4.

Reviewed by R. Ernest Dupuy, Major, F.A.

IN the midst of international turmoil the great gray ships of the Fleet have scurried back to "normal operating areas" off the Pacific coast. A fleet in being—an undivided naval fighting force, epitome of sea power—stands guardian of high seas areas vital to defense of the United States. Due acknowledgment, this, to the judgment and farsightedness of a modest, reserved, American Naval officer dead almost a quarter-century.

Mahan in 1894

Alfred Thayer Mahan, the man who made the world conscious of sea power, the man most responsible—with the assistance of Theodore Roosevelt—for the present higher strategic education of our naval officers, is being widely quoted today by a generation which never knew him in the flesh. It is fitting that another Navy man has chosen this moment to bring out an interesting biography of the officer to whom the United States Navy owes so much.

The art of war, whether on land, on water or in the air, is ruled by certain basic principles. This Mahan realized as result of intense study and omnivorous reading, and this he preached through his lifetime. Captain Puleston has brought to life, with sympathetic treatment, the man behind those voluminous tomes, "The Influence of Sea Power upon History" and "The Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire," best known products of Mahan's prolific pen. We see him through the author's eyes as a sensitive, reserved thinker, combining with the iron severity of the quarter-deck and the salty gumption of the deep-water navigator an unusual capacity for analytic research. A sensitivity of honor, inherited perhaps from the rigid precepts of Thayer, through his father, was to cause him both heartburns and tranquillity — the former from Annapolis Days when he insisted on reporting classmates for infractions of regulations, the latter in his closing years as he gazed back on a career without reproach.

One reads with interest that in 1861 Passed Midshipman Mahan presented to the Assistant Secretary of the Navy a confidential plan to decoy Confederate sea raiders: " . . . A sailing ship . . . might be equipped with a heavy pivot gun and a light house built over it . . . which could not excite suspicion. . . . " A contemptuous silence rewarded the youngster's efforts. But fifty-four years later the British Navy used similar mystery ships—"Q boats," to decoy German submarines!

As his War College lectures and subsequent literary efforts gained him kudos here and abroad, with such disciples as Theodore Roosevelt, the Kaiser, and the hierarchy of French and British naval command, Mahan in his own service suffered to some degree the usual fate of prophets at home. Part of this Captain Puleston attributes to petty jealousy, part to shortsightedness of superiors who could not see the advantages of a Naval War College. Captain Mahan's cruise to Europe in command of the U.S.S. *Chicago*, 1893-95, with Rear Admiral Henry Erben, one of his critics, flying his flag on board in charge of this "one-ship squadron," was perhaps the most aggravating incident of this petty persecution. Erben, with nothing to do but criticize the ship's commander, kept things hot. On the other hand, wherever the *Chicago* went dignitaries outdid themselves to honor his literary second in command. A happy ship the *Chicago* must have been on that cruise!

It's a good yarn, well spun, of a man whose stature increases as the years go by. Good reading by itself, it is in addition a splendid complement to Harold and Margaret Sprout's recent "Rise of American Naval Power."

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A Vanishing Culture

GUATEMALA PROFILE. By Addison Burbank. New York: Coward-McCann. 1939. $3.50.

GLORIES OF THE MAYA. By Thomas Gann. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1939. $5.

Reviewed by LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

BOTH the tourist and the anthropologist who wish to observe aboriginal Americans living under those circumstances that today most closely approximate the society of pre-Columbian times find in the spectacular volcanic highlands of Guatemala a colorful Indian culture, stemming directly from the old Mayan, that is still only partly adulterated by our own civilization. Recently, however, the travel-agencies have discovered in the Guatemalan Indians, as in the natives of Bali, a wealth of material for commercial exploitation, and consequently they are now marked for quick cultural extinction. It is well that such an account of their manners and modes as "Guatemala Profile" should have been written before it was too late, so that in times to come we may have at least a portrait of the goose that laid our golden eggs.

Every century since the conquest has its accounts of the Guatemalan Indians, but most of them, whatever other interest they may hold, neglect to paint the picture of what these people actually look like. "Guatemala Profile" is the first record of this sort from the pen of an artist who can appreciate with a trained eye the esthetic quality as well as the material facts of their existence. It is cast in the form of a personal travelogue and might be termed a series of informal sketches of Indian life rather than a portrait. Addison Burbank, an artist in water-colors, spent thirteen months in Guatemala for the express purpose of painting the Indians. Blessed with an inquiring mind and an interest in primitive life as well as primitive colors, he managed to make himself a competent authority on the customs of Quichés, Mames, Cakchiquels, and Tzutujils before the end of his sojourn among them. His abundant information might have been better organized had he chosen to present it in some other form than a straight chronological narrative, for he returns over the same ground more than once. The main thing is, however, that tourists and students now have a readable volume, enlivened with the author-artist's innumerable pen-and-ink sketches, that finally portrays the Indians of Guatemala as they have long needed to be portrayed.

"Glories of the Maya" is written by an archeologist, and consequently the emphasis is on the antiquities of the Indians whom Mr. Burbank paints. But it includes much of the same current material that is treated, more adequately, in "Guatemala Profile." For the rest, it is an unsystematic collection of archeological data, and though it is evidently presented in the chronological order in which Dr. Gann came across it, the book could just about as well be read backwards as forwards. The student of Mayan archeology will stumble on some isolated finds here, but he will have to explore for them. The photographic illustrations are abundant, but not always related to the text.

What's the Matter with Sociology?

(*Continued from page* 4)

no operation anyone can perform to test the question: What is social progress? Yet sociologists have written, and are still writing, huge tomes to prove that we are making social progress—or, as with Mr. Sorokin, that we are *not* making social progress. The naturalist scientist would not dare call the following nonsense a hypothesis, as Mr. Lynd serenely does: "American culture, if it is to be creative in the personalities of those who live it, needs to discover and to build prominently into his structure a core of richly evocative common purposes which have meaning in terms of the deep personality needs of the great mass of the people."

From the patient labor of thousands of dead scientists who have asked—and answered—small questions, the natural sciences have built up coherent and systematic bodies of knowledge which now enable them to answer fairly large questions. (They still can't answer the largest, and most of them now incline to think that as scientists they can never answer really impressive questions like, Have men freedom of will? or Is there an increasing purpose running through the ages?) It is the building up that is important. Any laboratory assistant now knows more physics than did Archimedes. Certainly in the useful senses of "knowing more," Mr. Lynd does not know more about the behavior of men in society than did Aristotle. All true science is *cumulative*. Physicists have something they can agree upon. Sociologists can't agree on anything. Read some of them, if you doubt this. Natural scientists are certainly not in entire agreement about their subjects; they can dispute almost as hotly as sociologists; but they dispute about the growing margins, the outside edges, of their discipline, not about its solid and established central core. There just isn't any such central core as yet in sociology. Only perhaps in economics among the social sciences is there something like a beginning for such a core.

In comparison with these fundamental organic troubles, the awkward way in which sociologists express themselves may seem a matter of slight importance. But it is worth noting, for it probably helps isolate them still further from their non-professional fellow writers and thinkers, and certainly from the general educated public. The academic sociologist almost always writes unnecessarily badly. It is not that he has a legitimate special language, as mathematicians and chemists have. On the contrary, he goes out of his way to build up an unnecessary jargon, partly perhaps as a protective shield against criticism (you can't criticize what you don't in the least understand), partly also for the same reason that ordinary people join secret societies—to have a privileged circle sharing esoteric knowledge. There are plenty of examples—Mr. Sorokin's "Social and Cultural Dynamics," Mr. Lynd's own book, almost anything written by social psychologists or the people strangely called educators. Most of these works lack grace, clarity, coherence, the conventional virtues of style. Their most striking blemish, however, is their jargon, which intrudes itself in every sentence. The reader gets very tired of "functional," "continuum," "quantification," "acculturated," "culture in personality and personality in culture," "sensatist," "unicist," "problem - area," "reactivation,"—but the list is endless.

The sociologists are particularly worried over the state of the world today. Probably no sociologist, amateur or professional, has written anything of length recently without referring to volcanoes. Mr. Lynd comes to his volcano on his last page. Perhaps we are on the edge of a volcano, perhaps the world is going to pot, but there seems to be little in the achievements of modern sociology that can be of any use in a conscious effort to stop the process. If the world is afire, the tiny nozzle of sociology pointed against it may look heroic, but the stream that emerges just doesn't carry far enough to do much good. Mr. Lynd quotes approvingly from the bright young English radical, Auden, about "lecturing on navigation while the ship is going down." The old custom, we believe, was to play "Nearer, My God, to Thee." If the ship really is going down, the latter seems a trifle more consoling. But if it isn't going down, or if we can still launch the lifeboats, then surely the more we know about navigation as an applied skill the better. Navigation owes a lot to the "pure" sciences of astronomy, physics, and meteorology, but it remains a practical skill among men trained for a life of action. Ships aren't run by scholars from laboratories. Sociology might be more useful if sociologists ceased to try to run the ship of state from their studies, and contented themselves with the job of making sociology a respectable science. There may be hope. After all, chemistry was once alchemy.

Crane Brinton, associate professor of history at Harvard, is the author of "The Lives of Talleyrand" and "The Anatomy of Revolution."

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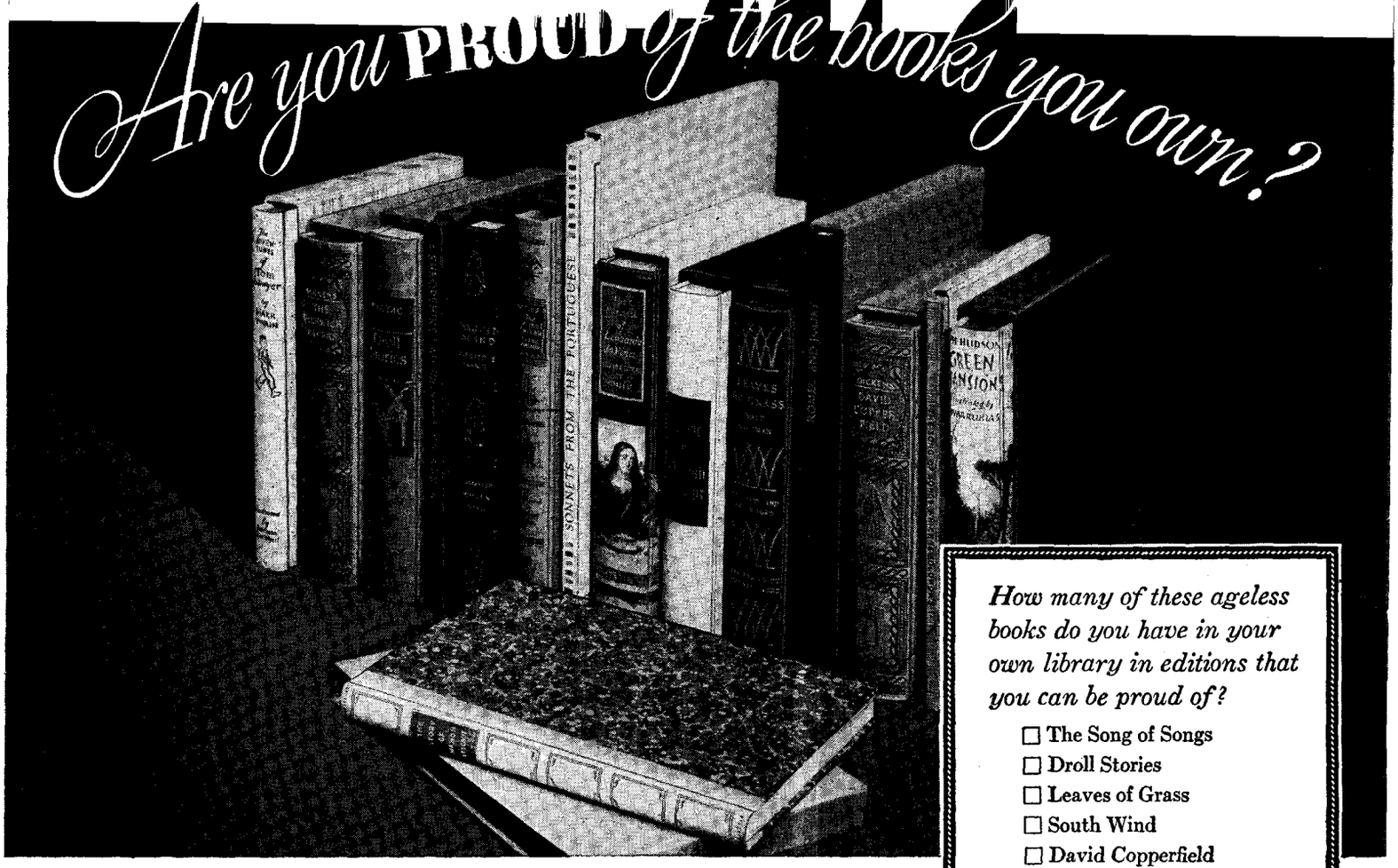

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Poetry Miscellany

THE HIGH PLAINS. By Kenneth Porter. New York: John Day Co. 1938. $2.
POEMS. By Alvin Foote. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, Ltd. 1939. $1.50.
BREATH OF ALL LIVING. By David Méofor. New York: The Imagery Press. 1939. $2.
INTERPRETERS. By John Curtis Underwood. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1939. $2.
MEN IN PROCESSION. By Adèle Kelley Thompson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1939. $2.
BEFORE THE WIND. By Wilbert Snow. New York: Gotham House. 1938. *Limited Edition.* $3.50.
THE HORN: A Lay of the Grassington Fox-Hounds. By Patrick R. Chalmers. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1938. $8.50.
ARCADIA BOREALIS. Selected poems by Erik Axel Karlfeldt. Translated with an introduction by Charles Wharton Stork. Minneapolis: The University of Minnesota Press. 1938. $3.50.
THE TREK. A Poem by Francis Carey Slater. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938. $2.25.
COLLECTED POEMS of John Jerome Rooney. With an Introduction by Edwin Markham. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1938. $2.
WINGS AT DUSK. By Eugene Edmund Murphey. With a Prefatory Note by William Lyon Phelps. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 1939. $2.
MORE GREEN FINGERS. By Reginald Arkell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1939. $1.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

AFTER reading in a miscellaneous group of books of poems none that quite satisfied taste and mind, it is a pleasure to come upon "The High Plains" by Kenneth Porter. Mr. Porter is a real craftsman as well as a real poet. In his middle thirties, born in the Kansas wheat-belt of pioneer parents, he has both worked the plains and learned intimately of their past. He has also taught at Southwestern College, though he is now in the history department at Vassar. Business history he learned at Harvard and has made two contributions to their "Studies." Mr. Porter can even fit Vachel Lindsay's vision of the ghosts of the buffaloes with the modern application of a dust storm, and also tell you dramatically about ghosts of the old glaciers. He makes coyote, jackrabbit, rattlesnake, catalpas, silos, ploughing, and sunflowers thoroughly real, with a gift for just the right descriptive word. It is a feat also to have said this of a Kansas farmyard:

Not commonplace can be that prairie's fruits
where cattle-feed is stored in feudal towers
and liquid silver rises through the roots
and stems of great revolving iron flowers.

If most people have waxed sentimental over swans, he is thoroughly and entertainingly realistic about "Swans out of Water" in the Boston Public Gardens, since there are no more awkward land birds known. Fine, bitter truth fills "To the Younger Old Americans: An Oration," and I wish they would stick copies of it up in the halls of Congress. The two sonnets on "Reds of Szechuan" are strongly descriptive, "The Dead Liebknecht" an excellent translation. The poems about the Nativity are quite the opposite of prettified, having a keen and biting edge, and "The Perfect Tribute" is another in this kind. When he adapts Elinor Wylie's "Peregrine" meter to "Let Love Die Quickly," he gives it his own strictness. These are only some of the things I have liked.

Mr. Porter commands a variety of meters and knows how to use them; and he does not fumble language, nor does he think it clever to write in a sort of Morse code. That is the fault I find with Alvin Foote's "Poems." Obviously an intelligent writer, he often condenses so much that I cannot follow him. He is fond of a sort of nuance that seems to me flat, of the rhetorical question, of occasional startling statement such as

Confusing results of syphilitic intercourse
With natural croup in a blooded horse

which, fortunately, conveys to me precisely nothing at all. His poems of battle are some of the clearest. He is twenty-eight and a post-office clerk in Glenwood Springs, Colorado, having "been hungry in some of the largest towns of the American Southwest."

David Méofor, who writes "Breath of All Living," is a Jewish postman born on New York's East Side. He was taken from public school and set to work when fourteen. Considering everything, his poetry is certainly remarkable. He is a self-styled atheist, torn by a ceaseless search for a "limitless and non-existent God." He writes Whitmanically, transcendentally, also in fixed forms and colloquially—in which last manner, strangely enough, he succeeds least. One has a great deal of sympathy with his honest outcry; but he is more a spontaneous inveigher than a craftsman. Words and music are heady intoxicants to him, though he can also write more gently. He *will* use words and expressions like "sonant," "lethal," "bedecked," "pelf," and "Cosmic Cry," but there is also genuine vigor and a proper, earnest questioning here of the paradoxical evil in Man. John Curtis Underwood, one of whose early books, "The Iron Muse," was the first of many a good many years ago, still writes interesting free verse, and his "Interpreters" include all sorts and conditions of men, among them sea captain, mathematician, watch repairer, astronomer, lawyer, anthropologist, and trapeze performer. His pronouncements, however, do not strongly grip the mind, though they contain sanity and wisdom.

Adèle Kelley Thompson, a newcomer with "Men in Procession," is a cultivated woman whose poetry radiates the joy of living. She is fond of travel and the out-of-doors, to which such poems as "Four Davids" and "James River Plantation" testify. Wilbert Snow is a notable New England poet whose story in verse of an old-time Fourth of July "skippers' race" on the Penobscot, illustrated by Gordon Grant, is authentic and vivid; and in "The Horn: a hunting novel in verse," Patrick Chalmers has presented an English fox-hunt, with the illustrative help of Lionel Edwards, in quite remarkable fashion, were it not that John Masefield's "Reynard the Fox" had gone before. In spite of Chalmers's originality of plot, his general style and pace owe altogether too much to the famous prior work of the Poet Laureate. Nevertheless, sportsmen and poets also will enjoy this unpretentious work of the open written by one evidently fully qualified.

Charles Wharton Stork is well known as a capital translator from the Swedish, and he has now done the best of the work of Erik Axel Karlfeldt, the only lyric poet ever to receive the Nobel Prize, selected from the six volumes published in the poet's lifetime and from the posthumous collection of 1934. The limited edition bears decorations by Hilma Berglund in the spirit of the famous Dalecarlian frescoes. In spite of a reference to Robert Frost on the jacket, some of the poems seem to me to recall one of the best of our light versifiers, Guy Wetmore Carryl. Others, of course, are much more serious. All have gusto and color.

In "The Trek" we have a narrative poem of South Africa by Francis Carey Slater, a poet native to that country, one of whose former volumes received tribute from no less a fine South African poet than Roy Campbell. The central event in South African history was, of course, the Great Trek, concerning which centenary celebrations were held there last December. This is the epic of the Voortrekkers, of their search through the Karroo, of their party strife, of their battles with the Matabele and Zulu impi. The author's handling of metres seems to me rather wooden, on the whole, though background and local color are often interesting. In contrast with what John G. Neihardt did for our own fights on the plains, "The Trek" does not seem to me comparable in workmanship. John Jerome Rooney, whose book has an introduction from Edwin Markham, was a writer of yesteryear, as well as a well-known judge, whose martial and sentimental strains from 1898 on were widely read. A journalistic type of poet, whose work considerably dates, it shows evidence of a kindly and genial man underneath. If you like poems about birds done by a real ornithologist, Professor Phelps introduces to you Eugene Edmund Murphey, with "Wings at Dusk"; and if you are a gardener you will find Reginald Arkell's "More Green Fingers," an English importation, full of charming light verse about the ups and downs of gardening.

New England Artery

CONNECTICUT RIVER. By Marguerite Allis. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1939. $3.

THIS is an excellent historical description of the Connecticut River from source to mouth. It is not a guide book. It is not a formal history. It is not merely description. The author, using the various methods of transportation from the canoe up as a thread for her discourse, has woven early records, political and social history, anecdotes, character studies, and description into a book that makes the Connecticut live, as it should live, as the major artery of the great region. Miss Allis's book is very good reading away from the Connecticut, on it, or beside it. She has plenty of scholarship which she uses without pedantry, a good sense of human values, and an excellent faculty of description. The book can be highly recommended.

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Mad King

THE TRAGIC IDEALIST: LUDWIG II OF BAVARIA. By Otto Zarek. Translated by Ella Goodman and Paul Sudley. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1939. $3.50.

Reviewed by PAUL HENRY LANG

NO music and no musical gospel ever exerted an influence upon the general spiritual life of an era as did Wagnerian music. This influence was out of all proportion to the intrinsic value of the music. A Beethoven or Mozart with his incomparably superior art has never attained such immediate, expansive, and revolutionary influence. There must be other than purely musical reasons that made Wagner the prophet of European culture of the fin de siècle. His intention was to create a universal art by conjuring up the elemental power of ancient Germanic mythology. But the mythology he gave us was new and did not resuscitate the heroism and divinity of pure will and pure action. While it provided the music lover, in the form of the leitmotiv, with a musical dialecticism much more accessible and self-explanatory than the infinitely more subtle conception of "absolute music" or "classic opera," the new mythology created a world of theatrical passions. With all the magnificent music that can be found in these music dramas, human passions are inextricably disguised under premeditated intentions. This had to be so because their creator was a man false and treacherous to the roots. Wagner placed in the center of his new mythology his own life, and this life was as theatrical, as filled with false gestures, as was his mythology. One of the most dissonant and irreconcilable chords that returned again and again in the music of his life was Ludwig II of Bavaria.

Ludwig interests the world because of the strange friendship between him and Wagner. There have been other insane and eccentric Bavarian monarchs, but they have not inspired biographies. When one reads the present volume, one finds all the other figures of nineteenth century Europe, from Bismarck to the Empress Elizabeth, fading into the background before the all-pervading passion of the king for Wagner. The reader becomes aware of the *raison d'être* of the biography of Ludwig II when he encounters the composer, his wife, von Bülow, and the other well known figures of Wagner's suite on every page. The task confronting the author of "The Tragic Idealist" was such as would intrigue a psychiatrist: an insane king pitted against an unscrupulous musical genius, and Mr. Zarek has creditably acquitted himself of the task. But how unrewarding the results, how far is all this from us, how repelling the whole atmosphere of an overripe, pathologic, and dying romanticism. The book itself could not escape the period's mood and spirit, it is filled with rhetorical questions, exclamation points, nebulous German quotations, French *mots*, and italics. No fault can be found with the sincere labors of the author, but the morbid subject and atmosphere leave the American reader with a sense of futility and with a bitter taste in his mouth. He will question the author's conclusion that "this hapless monarch has played a decisive part in the formation of the artistic and political Europe of today," but he will admit that the "mad king" and his story are illuminating documents of a world which had to be engulfed by 1914.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 266)

MATTHEW PRIOR—
THE SECRETARY

While with labour assiduous due
pleasure I mix
And in one day atone for the busi-
ness of six,
In a little Dutch chaise on a Satur-
day night,
On my left hand my Horace, a
nymph on my right,
. . . . . .
I drive on my car in processional
state.

Corporative Country

THE PORTUGAL OF SALAZAR. By Michael Derrick. New York: Campion Books, Ltd. 1939. $2.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

IT is an understandable but regrettable irony of our contemporary world that writers and publishers should overlook the small, secondary countries of Europe, where the dragon's teeth of another world war are being sown, in preference for more spectacular subjects like Germany, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union. The game of power politics is always played along the fringes of the Continent, in fact, with the border and buffer states serving as unwilling pawns in nationalist and imperialist rivalries. One glance at the daily headlines indicates the importance of Portugal in the present struggle for supremacy, yet until this

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LETTERS OF ASKANCE

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

PERHAPS the word *essay* is too cliché for the temperamental sketches that come from Mr. Morley's hand. They are full of what he calls — a coinage of his own — *bibliodisia*. They are a microcosm of our times, recording more social history of what men loved, feared, laughed at and struggled for than many a sombre tome written with more purpose of doctrine.

This new collection has variety for every taste, from the famous "Chevvy That Hung Her Head" to "Courting John Donne," from the coastline of South America to the prairies of the Middle West. In direct reporting there is the first arrival of the *Queen Mary*, in literary criticism there is Morley's notable tribute to Don Marquis as our spiritual successor to Mark Twain; and some older curiosities that have appeared only in private publication, such as "The Worst Christmas Story" and the description of Shakespeare buying his modern dress at Rogers Peet's. There are several pieces in this book, for instance "Dialogue with a Wind" and "Farewell to Spring," that may surprise some readers.

As the title implies, Christopher Morley looks a bit sideways at a good deal of our mass-thinking. His attitude is oblique, and always his own.

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month no survey of that country had appeared in English.

Mr. Derrick seeks primarily to reveal the spirit of the new Portugal, remodeled and governed by a scholar-dictator, Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar. After 1911, when the Braganza monarchy was overthrown, Portugal suffered like many other countries from an overdose of parliamentary government. Ministries and revolutions alternated in a farcical fashion until 1928, when Professor Salazar moved from the University of Coimbra to the Finance Ministry in order to salvage the national currency. Under the Constitution of 1933, Dr. Salazar now directs a corporative state as Premier, Minister of Finance, of War, and of Foreign Affairs. The most visible evidence of Dr. Salazar's financial skill is a national budget that has been balanced for ten years, after decades of unending graft and debts.

Most of the 150-odd pages of this little book are devoted to expounding the corporative theory underlying the *Estado Nova* of Salazar. Mr. Derrick contends that the breakdown of the parliamentary system resulted from the general bankruptcy of economic and political Liberalism in the Western world, and from the intrigues of international Free Masonry. A devout will and a strong hand, both of which Dr. Salazar provided, were needed to rescue Portugal from the demoralizing influence of anti-clerical Liberalism, and later from the threat of communism in Spain. The new régime is founded upon the corporative theory approved by the Catholic Church, the author argues, and is not tied to the totalitarian systems of other countries.

Despite its usefulness as an introduction to the theory of the Salazar corporative state, this book does not answer the many questions which the outside world has a right to ask. How effective is the new régime in practice and what does it offer for the future? Mr. Derrick gives no impression of first-hand familiarity with either the country or its leaders, and is content to quote extensively from the Constitution, Dr. Salazar's addresses, and the publications of friendly scholars. Since he omits details like the standard of living, trade balance, and public works, he must some day produce a much larger book on the achievements and defects of the new Portugal.

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The Norwegian Way

NORWAY: Changing and Changeless. By Agnes Rothery. New York: The Viking Press. 1939. $3.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

TO say that Agnes Rothery's new book is less thorough, less effective generally, than her "Sweden: The Land and the People" is not to disprize it, for it stands high above most of the recent books on Scandinavia. Her writing has such ease and warmth to it that you feel this to be a personal travel book, whereas actually it is quite objective, and it is startling to realize that there is not an "I" among all the visions and opinions it contains. She tells of the fishing, herrings to whales, in the Lofotens Islands, of farming in a land which is less than five per cent arable, of exploration which, with modern improvements of transport, now permit the tourist within five hundred miles of the Pole, of the sculptors, painters, writers, musicians, and of the recent industrialization of the country.

Her book covers all Norway lightly, but makes solid contact only at Oslo, Bergen, and Trondheim, and though she skims history she enlivens it with legends and ancient gossip, that of the skiing monks, for instance, and the Viking Herjolffson who first told Leif Ericsson of America and sold him his boat for that great voyage. Of modern Norway she has no adverse criticism at all. Here is a country, she remarks, which has stayed out of war for over a hundred years, which has reduced illiteracy to less than one per cent, and improved the health of its people until now the average man lives over sixty years. Government insurance is such that one can "be born, educated, unemployed, ill, become old and finally die" without earning or spending a cent of his own. The coöperative farms are highly successful; even the hamlets are electrified; and the scenery is superb. This pean of unqualified praise would sound rather like a travel agent's brochure were it not that Agnes Rothery writes so well and dependably always. Her book is supplemented by an excellently detailed chronological outline of Norwegian history, an appendix of statistics, and a considerable bibliography.

James Maurer's Story

IT CAN BE DONE. The Autobiography of James Hudson Maurer. New York: Rand School Press. 1939. $3.

Reviewed by RAYMOND G. FULLER

IN James Maurer's philosophy of an active life, there is neither cant nor can't. What is worth doing to help along the cause of human happiness and social justice must and can be done. That is his story, and it is interesting as a story.

Young Maurer went to work before he was twelve. He early joined the socialist and labor movements. For sixteen terms he was President of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor. This Pennsylvania Dutchman was full of fight, and his story is full of fights—for child labor laws, workmen's compensation, old-age pensions, and the like, including workers' education, for he was the first President of the Workers' Education Bureau of America. This book is not only a personal history, but a moving picture of life and personalities and events in Pennsylvania, and the country, and on occasion, the world. Maurer a radical? He sounds more like a good old-fashioned American, on the side of the rights of man.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER GONE MINOAN *Clyde B. Clason* (Crime Club: $2.)	Neo-Knossian palace on Californian isle holds jittery collection of "human strains." Two murders ensue, solved learnedly by T. L. Westborough.	Cretan culture and California pre-history cleverly woven into plot; fascinating background, boundless erudition, copious action—and screwy solution.	A-Minos
STEP IN THE DARK *Ethel Lina White* (Harpers: $2.)	Popular British authoress lured by slick Scandinavian to lonely islet and forced to write for abductor's pockets. Her MS brings rescuers.	Unique idea, impeccably executed, with humor, two grand children, lovely scenery. But it runs tepid before love conquers all.	So sorry
THE GHOST ON THE BALCONY *Dwight Marfield* (Dutton: $2.)	Head of opium racket in Southern California unmasked by Maj. Kerry Krim after sundry Americans and Celestials bite dust.	Contrasting backgrounds of Chinatown dives and picturesque Spanish rancho hold more interest than super-sinous plot.	Not impressive
DIRGE FOR A DOG *Jennifer Jones* (Crime Club: $2.)	Numerous attempts on life of cantankerous N. Y. heiress thwarted by lady realtor. Dismembered female corpse figures in plot.	Criminal, who enters story almost as book ends, uses ultra-modern methods. Some amusing dialogue, but not much else.	Thin

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The New Books

Art

LETTERS TO ÉMILE BERNARD. By Vincent Van Gogh. Edited, translated, and with a foreword by Douglas Lord. New York: Museum of Modern Art. 1939. $2.50.

Van Gogh's most intimate and most complete self-revelation is in the letters written to his brother Theo; but those to van Rappard and to Émile Bernard, since they were addressed to fellow artists, have important things to say concerning their author's artistic judgments and technical preoccupations. First published in fragmentary form by the *Mercure de France,* then by Vollard in a volume which restored some but not all of the previous deletions, this edition of the Bernard series brings us, as its editor states, "so far as we know, the only collection of Van Gogh letters not previously translated into English." The text is at last complete, and the twenty-two letters, thanks to scrupulous and sensitive scholarship, have been rearranged in what seems their proper time-sequence. Not only are the artist's sketches reproduced exactly as they appear in the letters to Bernard, but they are accompanied by illustrations of the finished paintings to which the rapid and diagrammatic drawings have reference. Each communication is followed by notes in which Mr. Lord identifies the persons and pictures mentioned by Van Gogh, and the volume has been beautifully designed and printed. Of especial interest to readers will be the artist's comments on Delacroix, Rembrandt, Vermeer, Hals, and Degas; his comparison between the scaffolded "obeliscal" society in which Giotto and Holbein worked and the anarchic *laisser-aller* of the eighties; his revealing analysis of his own color methods; the shrewd and homely things he had to say upon almost every subject, as when he wrote this postscript to letter XIV:

> Cézanne is just the same sort of bourgeois married man as the old Dutch painters; if there's plenty of kick in his work it's because he doesn't waste his substance in riotous living.

O. L.

Biography

THIS WAS HOME. By Hope Summerell Chamberlain. University of North Carolina Press. $3.50.

A chronicle of life in the North Carolina county which is held in the embrace of the tawny Yadkin River as it flows south to become the Great Pee Dee, this book is more than a remembering of things seen and heard and felt. It goes back in the memory of the author's mother to old days in Chapel Hill and to Grandfather Elisha Mitchell, a scientist who on summer walking jaunts in the western part of the State surveyed the "highest peak east of the Mississippi," which today bears his name. And on back of the Mitchells to the Norths of Connecticut. But the book belongs to North Carolina.

Salisbury was not so much the Old South as it was a thoroughfare. Wagon wheels rolling to the West and Southwest sang a somber song through the town which belonged neither to the East nor to the West of the State, politically speaking. Mrs. Chamberlain's father, Dr. Summerell, fitted snugly into the life of Salisbury, and when his baby daughter was a good girl she was rewarded by being taken with him on horse and buggy trips to the far corners of the county. She writes delicately of her beginning awareness of the world about her, of people and customs, of furniture and houses, the sturdy drama of everyday life, of Reconstruction, and of the Civil War from her mother's memory of it.

Growing up in Salisbury after the War, Hope Summerell gathered little formal education but was taught by her mother. Later she attended the old Nash and Kollock school in Hillsboro and "Miss Baldwin's" at Staunton, Va. She discovers the seamy side of Salisbury. The town is growing, has tobacco factories, is largely supported by the wholesale and retail whiskey trade. She marries a Yankee but comes back South to live in the land of red clay soil and tawny rivers. Here is a full-bodied record of life on that land in a time that now seems very long ago.

E. H.

Fiction

SAILOR COMES HOME. By Howard Clewes. Norton. 1939. $2.

The news about Erskine Caldwell seems to have reached England. Written in the monotonous declarative sentences of the newer American realist technique, this is a grim little titbit about Welsh coal miners. It is a depressing and somehow a disingenuous book, though written with all the sincerity in the world, for in the effort not to fleck his tragedy, Mr. Clewes has loaded the dice against his characters. They have no chance nor expectation of happiness nor any interior resources that will enable them to bear misfortune well. He is clearly within an author's rights in making the first postulate, but it takes a good deal of persuasion to convince a reader that the second is a corollary. Everything in the book is so drear, in fact, that the analytical powers of a Dostoievsky or a Conrad would hardly be wasted in showing that life was supportable on such terms. Yet analysis of any kind is just what we do not get. The method is exterior, dramatic, and when the book attains its violent climax, the drama becomes melodrama.

Moreover, Mr. Clewes's world is too small. His characters maintain with each other only the most tenuous of ties, are assembled for the night in which the action takes place after not having seen each other for a time which in one case reaches to years—but their thoughts and actions as presented remain uninfluenced by anything outside their mutual contacts. This is a serious defect, and with the other, goes a long way to tear down the structure built by a sure dramatic sense and to turn what might have been a Welsh "God's Little Acre" into an item for the "East Lynne" trade.

F. P.

KATIA. By Princess Marthe Bibesco. Doubleday, Doran. 1939. $2.

The Princess Bibesco has fallen completely under the spell of the little Princess Katia Dolgoruki, whose history she chronicles in this book, so completely, indeed, that like Czar Alexander II who made her his morganatic wife and was about to proclaim her Empress when his assassination prevented, she plays the adorer to her. Katia was a mere child

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when first Alexander met her, a hoydenish minx who refused him homage and then straightway lost her heart to him, and who even in her schooldays won the most passionate devotion from him. Toward the end of his life he installed her and her children in the imperial palace, and after the death of his wife married her. She was credited by the aristocracy and the palace group with having been largely instrumental in forming his decision to grant a constitution to the nation, and was accordingly hated by them with a lively hatred as offering a menace to their supremacy. The all too brief love idyll of the Princess was brought to an end by the death of the Czar when she was still a young woman and on almost the day when the crown was to have been placed on her head.

Princess Bibesco has apparently departed little from the truth in writing her romance. Her book has been widely popular in France where it was published serially in a newspaper and where it has since been transferred to the screen. In the English version it is a mild affair, owing, perhaps, to the fact that the English language does not lend itself as readily to this particular kind of simple tale as the French. As Princess Bibesco has written some exquisite sketches in the latter language, it is likely that there was a grace to this story in the original which has evaporated in the translation. At any rate, it has sentiment and tenderness and enough of historical actuality to commend it to readers who like a mixture of fact and romance.

A. L.

THE PRISONER ATE A HEARTY BREAKFAST. By Jerome Ellison. Random House. 1939. $2.

This novel may be said to bring up the rear among those written in emulation of James M. Cain and John O'Hara. It is about a young man named Shannon Light, whose experiences bring him into contact with two abortions, three homicides, and miscellaneous events which take place in brothels. Out of similar material Cain can construct plausible, expert melodrama; O'Hara, at his best, considerably more than that; but Mr. Ellison's gallimaufry of action has no significance in itself, and acquires none from occasional shots of sophomoric "philosophy."

G. S.

Science

SCIENCE IN PROGRESS. Edited by G. A. Birdsell. Articles by E. O. Lawrence, H. C. Urey, W. M. Stanley, L. O. Kunkel, K. E. Mason, R. R. Williams, E. Allen, T. S. Painter, E. N. Harvey and F. G. Benedict. Yale University Press. 1939. $4.

In the rapid advance of science it is difficult for one writer, however good his intentions, to keep so well informed that he can discuss several fields authoritatively. It is gratifying, therefore, to obtain a volume such as this, in which the men who are actually doing the work and making new discoveries tell how these discoveries are made and wherein they are significant.

"Science in Progress" consists of ten National Sigma Xi Lectureships given in 1937-38, augmented and revised to include recent data. Though the writing is scientific, it is wholly comprehensible to those who are non-technically interested in science. The topics selected for presentation are atomic structure and isotopes; filterable virus disease and the purification of pure crystalline viruses; vitamins and hormones, a separate chapter being devoted to thiamin, a recently isolated component of the Vitamin B1-complex; the hormones involved in reproduction; the structure of chromosomes; electrical potentials of the human brain; and the metabolism of animals from mouse to elephant.

It is to be hoped that this venture on the part of Sigma Xi of presenting authoritative reports of scientific progress written by those responsible for this progress, will meet with success and will be repeated.

H. W. S.

Travel

THE MENACING SUN. By Mona Gardner. Harcourt, Brace. 1939. $2.50.

Southern Asia is a large and complex region and it is not easily understood even by those who have lived in it and wandered about in it for years. Indeed, those who have made what they liked to believe were special studies of it have been known to find themselves deceived by surface appearances, a constant and often remarked tendency of things not to mean what they seem to mean. The diversities of topography and population make it almost impossible to consider the countries involved as a geographical whole.

This fact did not bother Mona Gardner, an American newspaper woman who has spent twelve years in Japan. When Miss Gardner left Japan for home she traveled by way of Indo-China, Cambodia, Siam, the Malay Archipelago, Singapore, and India. She has had no hesitation in putting down what she saw and binding the bits together with the common thread of a study of Japanese penetration. She found the Nippon men everywhere, apparently studying and planning. Hence the "Menacing Sun." Yet she appears to have concluded from her observations that the Asiatic front, thoroughly disunited as it is, will offer such an impenetrable barrier of personality and custom that the Japanese are bound to fail as masters of all the Orient. Miss Gardner also suggests (London papers please copy!) that India is too Anglicized to be interested in the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo axis.

Miss Gardner writes well and is more than usually observant. She is able to create many pictures which will remain vivid in the reader's mind and, like most traveling journalists, appears quietly impressed with her own perspicacity. Her record of adventures makes entertaining reading, although it will be impossible for some readers to escape the conclusion that her final judgments are based not so much on what she saw as upon what she wished to believe. The book will be of more interest to those who are unfamiliar with the countries the author describes than to those who have any knowledge of them.

R. H.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

A. B. A. Convention

BOOKSELLERS from all over the U. S. will gather for their annual convention at the Hotel Pennsylvania, May 14-17. Besides taking up various problems facing the trade, the convention looks forward to the 39th annual banquet on May 17th, to be addressed by Thomas Mann, and to Booksellers Day at the World's Fair, May 16th. ☞A nautical afternoon for the entire book trade will take place on Sunday, May 14th. In the specially chartered steamer *Chauncey M. Depew,* the convention will admire the U. S. Atlantic Fleet, sail around Manhattan and up the Hudson, and hear informal talks by Carl Carmer and Admiral Yates Stirling. Tickets for this trip $1.50.

☞A testimonial lunch to the new parcel post rate will be held May 15, with Frederic G. Melcher presiding and Morris Ernst speaking. ☞William Lyon Phelps, J. Donald Adams, and Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach will address the final Convention Luncheon on May 17th. ☞Many bookmen are coming to New York from all parts of the country to visit the World's Fair at the time of the convention.

☞Another way of spotting early printings of John Steinbeck's remarkable novel *The Grapes of Wrath* (since the Viking boys have been so earnest on the subject) is by regrettable errors in Julia Ward Howe's Battle Hymn reprinted on the end-papers. It should be "trampling out the vintage," not "tramping;" and "terrible *swift* sword," not "*quick*." ☞Old Q and Uncle Bill Benét were saying to each other, during a vintage evening not long ago, that ever since their childhood that line about the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword always gives them the supreme spinal chill. ☞Next after the *Battle Hymn* and *John Peel,* Old Q's favorite for a barbershop evening is *Lauriger Horatius,* which you'll find in J. A. Symonds' *Wine, Women and Song* and can hum to the tune of *Tannenbaum.* The lines that wring old Q's withers are: *Crescit uva molliter, et puella crescit; Sed poeta turpiter sitiens canescit.* ☞We are always struck by the fact that the only time people seem really keen to buy books is in places where books are not usually sold. ☞If you go into a bar-room with a book under your arm someone will always wish to buy it from you. ☞Chris Cella, patriarch of rum and rizotto on 45 Street, used to sell a lot of books in his kitchen in the old days, he might well take it up again. ☞Indeed it may be stated as apothegm that people enjoy everything more if they get it where they don't expect it, or aren't supposed to.

☞Among ways of cooking eggs not mentioned by Peter Greig the Gastronomer in his recent dissertation is Scrambled in Brandy, a specialty of Mr. Buckminster Fuller, author of *Nine Chains to the Moon.* ☞Mr. Bill Colescott, Philadelphia bookseller, lent us a copy of the poems of Peter Peppercorn (David McKay, 1884). Our favorite is "Outbid the House of Gin," which carries the explanation: "The most effectual way of closing taverns is by opening free libraries." ☞"The only American in the Oxford-Cambridge boatrace," reports *The New Yorker,* "did very well indeed." Reminds us somehow of Ouida's immortal line about her Oxford oarsman: "All rowed fast, but none so fast as he." ☞Argosy Book Stores (114 E. 59) list at $12.50 a large-paper copy of Le Gallienne's *The Religion of a Literary Man* (1893) with an autograph letter "in which the aesthete departs from philosophical detachment to inveigh bitterly against the commercial motives of collectors who send books to him for signature and to demand $25 for inscribing a bundle."

☞At this time of year we often think of the friendly R.F.D. lady in Kentucky who offered last winter to swap a dozen daffodil bulbs for a subscription to the *S. R. L.* "I'd offer eggs," she wrote, "but N. Y. is too far away and daffodil bulbs are guaranteed to make dreams come true." We are sorry our stiffnecked business dept. didn't think their book-keeping flexible enough for so genial a barter. ☞Jake Zeitlin, 624 South Carondelet, Los Angeles, celebrates 20 years in the book business with a lively catalogue of Modern Firsts. ☞The Booksellers Guild, through its president Terence Holliday, makes a protest against an outfit that calls itself Crusaders for Americanism and is headed by a dealer in rare books. The

(*Continued on next page*)

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Trade Winds

(*Continued from preceding page*)

"Crusaders," to judge by their letters, have certain racial prejudices. Mr. Holliday says "The Booksellers Guild, founded on a belief in progress and human dignity, is alarmed and distressed that this sort of dangerous intolerance should appear in the book trade." We entirely agree.

☞Felix M. Cornell, of the Cornell Book Shop, 350 West 23, N. Y. C., has organized the Cornell Maritime Press which will publish on nautical subjects only. Mr. Cornell has done well with the *American Merchant Seaman's Manual* and has other titles in preparation. ☞Brentano's has acquired the business of Ball & Wilde at 80 Broad Street, N. Y. C., and this store now becomes the fourteenth link in Brentano's chain.

☞Leading authors from 30 countries will attend the Congress of Writers held at the New York World's Fair May 8-9-10 under the auspices of the American P.E.N. Club. At the concluding dinner, Plaza Hotel, May 10, the speakers will be Jules Romains, Carl Van Doren, Nora Waln, Thomas Mann, Pearl Buck, and Lin Yutang. Dorothy Thompson, president of the American P.E.N., will take the chair. ☞The day following the dinner the visiting delegates will go to Washington for a luncheon at the White House. ☞At the first World's Fair session, May 8 at 3:30 p. m., it is expected that Jo Davidson's long-awaited statue of Walt Whitman will be unveiled.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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12- X	13- C	14- B	15- N	16- H	17- L	18- T		19- O	20- A		21- T	22- R	23- S	24- Q	25- V	26- C	
27- D		28- B	29- A	30- G	31- Q	32- D		33- H	34- E	35- K		36- C	37- X	38- W	39- F	40- N	41- A
42- B	43- H	44- D		45- M		46- B	47- S	48- L	49- E	50- V	51- X	52- N	53- I		54- P	55- K	56- E
	57- O	58- V		59- F	60- N	61- T	62- D	63- X		64- Q	65- V	66- G		67- M	68- K	69- I	70- D
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101- C		102- I	103- B	104- O	105- M		106- U	107- R	108- I	109- N	110- S	111- E	112- A		113- I	114- J	
115- L	116- G	117- B	118- E		119- M	120- K	121- V		122- O	123- L	124- P	125- A	126- C	127- S	128- E	129- R	
130- K	131- I	132- X	133- V	134- U	135- D	136- A	137- B		138- K	139- Q		140- L	141- A	142- O	143- E	144- I	
145- T	146- R	147- L	148- Q	149- N		150- G	151- R		152- O	153- J		154- G	155- U		156- F	157- R	158- P
159- O	160- I	161- N		162- X	163- V	164- H	165- R	166- W	167- N	168- B	169- J	170- G	171- S		172- N	173- K	
174- L	175- M		176- D	177- F	178- P	179- S	180- R	181- G	182- U	183- N	184- X						

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Place of confusion.

B. Legal orders of prohibition.

C. Self-important (slang).

D. Indiscriminately, rashly (3 wds.).

E. Brother of Prometheus.

F. Scourged.

G. Hungarian composer (1877-).

H. Historical subject of play by Marlowe (1593).

I. Scotch poet and compiler (1797-1835).

J. Son-in-law of Mark Twain (first name).

K. Demure hypocrite (Fr.).

L. Transition from light to darkness.

M. Son of Poseidon and Gaea (Gr.).

N. One who imprisons.

O. Pertaining to decadence or old age.

P. One of the Fates (Roman).

Q. English author of books for the young (1841-85).

R. Gain advantage by superior strategy.

S. Rebuking with a look.

T. Culmination, apex.

U. Knoblike.

V. Favorite food of undergraduates.

W. Black.

X. Dealing with the obscure.

WORDS

41 84 112 141 20 29 125 136

14 42 28 74 137 46 168 117 103 100 96

36 26 88 13 126 101

80 27 70 86 7 176 32 135 72 62 99 44

81 118 143 49 98 56 34 111 8 128

156 59 71 11 177 39

30 170 116 1 181 154 66 150

43 76 33 16 164 10

102 73 113 131 160 144 6 69 108 53

114 83 153 169 87

120 138 173 35 55 130 68 5

140 115 48 9 174 147 123 17

119 4 67 45 105 94 175

172 60 167 90 82 183 40 149 52 15 109 161

159 142 104 57 85 19 152 122

158 54 178 124

148 64 24 139 31

157 22 151 93 129 146 180 165 78 107

77 47 2 110 23 127 171 179

145 21 3 61 95 18

182 155 134 106 75

91 163 133 121 58 50 25 65

166 97 92 38

63 12 162 37 51 89 132 79 184

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